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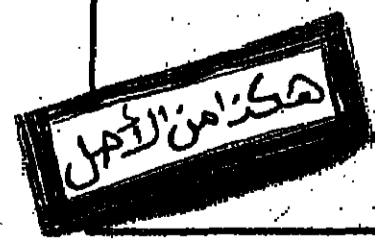
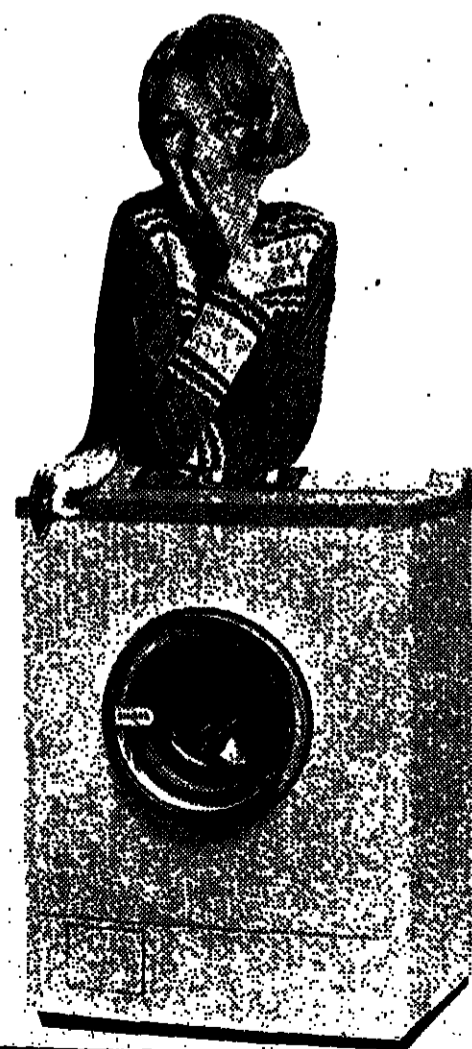
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## INSIDE

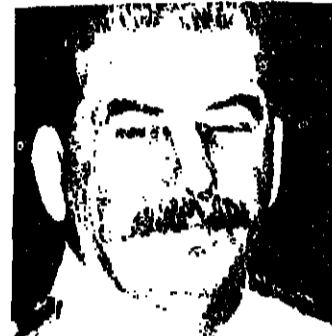
**McGOVERN AND THE JEWS:** Washington correspondent Sam Lipski considers McGovern's prospects of election and the role of Jews in the voting. Page 5.

**KISHON:** Doing a deal in Hollywood, page 6.

**WHO'S A MEXIGAN?** Lea Ben Dor writes on the kaleidoscope of Mexican life, page 7.

**EXODUS — 85 YEARS AFTER:** Charles Weiss tells the story of the ill-fated immigrant ship, page 8.

**THEATRE:** Mendel Kohansky reviews "Summer Celebration," a play adapted from a poem by Nathan Alterman, page 11.



**BOOKS:** Why Israelis vote as they do; A "radical" view of Jewish history; The world since Potsdam; The Christian mission in Israel; Documents of American Jewish history; How people love and why they hate; The Talmudic Sages on why the Temple was destroyed and what the world will be like in the Messianic era, pages 12 to 15.



**NIGHT OF LAMENTATION:** Tisha Be'Av, in words and pictures, pages 16 and 17.

**FAMILY:** Martha goes looking for steaks, page 18; new designer comes to town and new furniture, page 19; Amidar group organizes people in their housing projects to work together and fight for their rights, page 20; what's in store in the fashion world; life in Galilee, page 21.

**MURIO:** Listening with only one ear as the senses are assaulted, Yohanan Boehm discusses the incessant sounds around us, page 22.

**GALLERY GUIDE:** page 23.

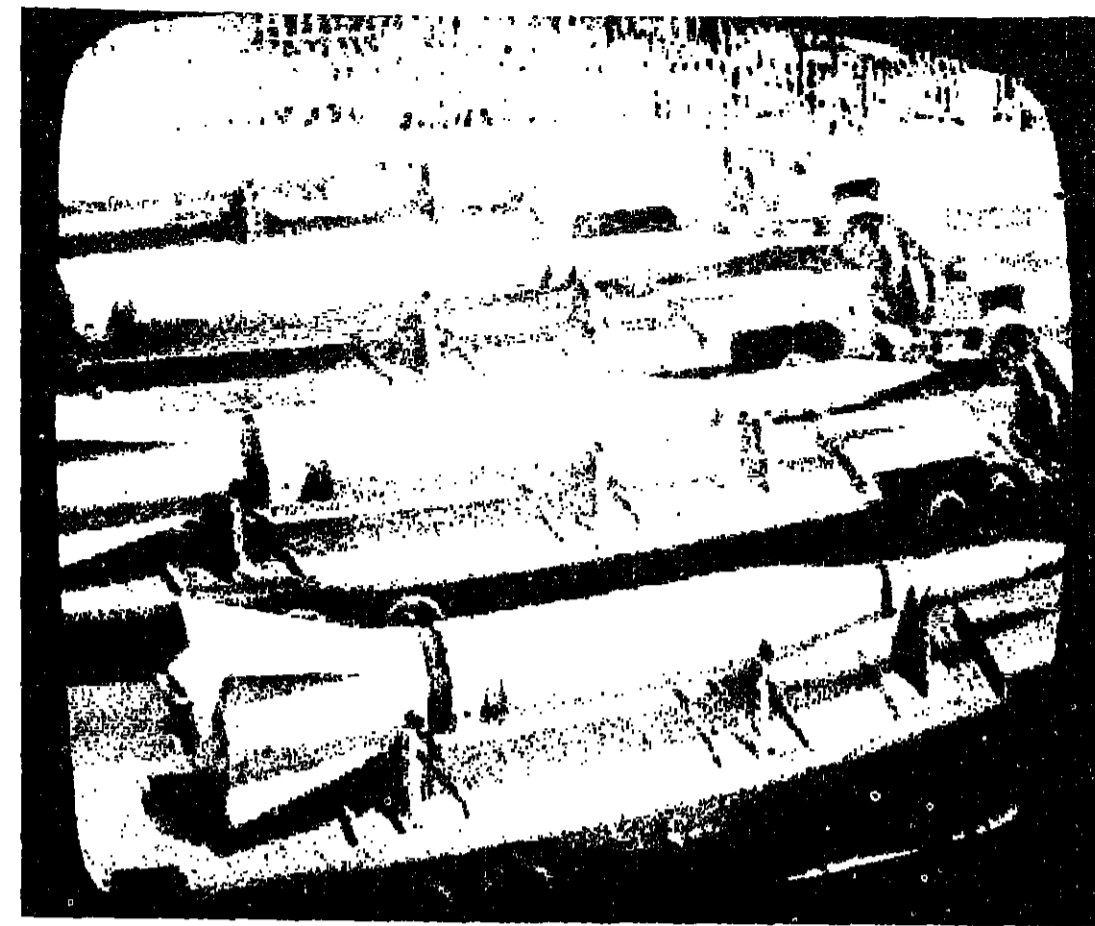
**TORA and FLORA:** page 24.

**TV and RADIO:** Philip Gillon goes back to the bow; Be'evohat writes on radio, page 27.

**POSTERS:** Page 28.

**COVER:** The Israel Air Force celebrated its 24th anniversary this week. David Rubinger took this picture at a display at an Air Force base.

Sadat's fortunes have been at a low ebb in the last few months. His surprise decision to expel some Russian advisers may have been a desperate attempt to meet the challenge of his critics, writes *Post* Arab Affairs Reporter ANAN SAFADI.



Soviet missiles on display in Egypt. Will supplies continue?

# The Sadat puzzle

THIS week's announcement by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat of his decision to dismiss his country's Soviet advisers came as a thunderbolt, and the echoes are still reverberating throughout the world.

With speculation rife in most capitals on the implications of this dramatic move, it was Cairo itself which provided the first factual interpretation of Tuesday night's broadcast statement about Sadat's decision to dismiss the Russian advisers and take over their military installations and equipment. The semi-official "Al-Ahram" came out on Wednesday with the statement that not all the Soviet personnel would be withdrawn, but that "some instructors" engaged in training missions would remain in the country.

The paper indicated that the Soviet presence in Egypt was by no means at an end, and it recalled Sadat's declaration that "the essence" of the friendship between Cairo and Moscow was not affected by the demand for the withdrawal of Russian "military advisers and experts."

In the absence, therefore, of any obvious explanation of this abrupt about-turn on Egypt's part, relations between Cairo and Moscow would still seem to remain within the traditional framework of Egyptian political manoeuvring. And this is probably why the matter is still a puzzle for the West, and why Western statesmen have been so wary in expressing any opinion on Sadat's statement.

The present indications are that the Egyptians and Russians have had a serious rift over ways of resolving the Middle East crisis. This is nothing new: the rift has been there for some time. Its disclosure at this particular moment appears to be unconnected with any new development or disension. Its timing would seem to have been dictated by Sadat's need to provide his bewildered nation with something spectacular to mark this Sunday's 20th anniversary of the 1962 revolution.

Until this week, there were no signs of any special preparations by the Egyptians to celebrate the anniversary of the revolution. They regard the revolution as having been buried in September, 1970, with the death of Gamal Abdul-Nasser, whose personal charisma was their only consolation for their revolutionary experiences.

The revival of the July 23 anniversary as a rallying-point seems to have been treated as a challenge by Sadat, who needs to compensate for his failure to establish a popular image for himself and for the failure of his attempt to promote his own "Second Republic." Almost all the moves he has made during his two years in office, from cracking down on his political opponents to consolidating his relations with the Soviet Union, have been regarded with disfavour in Egyptian opposition circles, whose ranks are constantly growing.

The Opposition has been concentrating its anti-Sadat activity on the issue of the increasing Soviet presence in Egypt, and there is a flavour of inevitability in the President's choice of a confrontation with the Russians rather than with his own political opponents.

In justifying his move, Sadat complained that the Russians had become more concerned with their own strategic interests in the Middle East than with Egypt's — so much so that they were preventing him from carrying out his political and military undertakings to his people. At the same time, he indicated that the Russians had denied him supplies of sophisticated offensive weapons, including ground-to-ground missiles, which, he said, he needed for the "battle of liberation" against Israel.

In the official statement he made to the Central Committee of Egypt's only political party, the Arab Socialist Union, Sadat denounced Moscow on three major counts:

The limitation of the kind and timing of arms supplies to Egypt; attempts to maintain the state of no-war, no peace in the Middle East; readiness to compromise at the expense of Egypt and the Arabs by conceding Arab territories as part of a Middle East political settlement.

### 'Egypt not consulted'

Sadat went on to imply that the Russians were not consulting the Egyptians on their Middle East policy and that the Kremlin leaders had co-ordinated certain guidelines with the U.S. during President Nixon's visit to Moscow in May.

He made it clear that the Egyptian and Soviet governments had failed to settle their "friendly differences" either during his own four visits to Moscow or during the recent intensive discussions. The last of these were held last weekend with Premier Aziz Sidky, whose official visit to the Soviet capital turned out to be a lightning one. According to usually well-informed Beirut newspapers, it was on this latter occasion that Sidky conveyed to the Kremlin an Egyptian "ultimatum" demanding immediate supplies of sophisticated offensive weapons — or an immediate Soviet withdrawal from Egypt.

The story of an ultimatum sounds incredible, for there was hardly time for the Russians to deal with it — incredible, that is, unless Sadat's true purpose was to provide the Egyptian people with a dramatic diversion on the eve of the revolution anniversary. The dismissal of the Russians was for him the best of the three available alternatives: the other two were war or peace, on neither of which was he able to take a decisive step.

By taking this latest action Sadat could now build a new image for himself among the dissident groups who, whatever their differences, agree that the Russians should leave Egypt. This attitude towards relations with the Soviet Union has been made abundantly clear during the past few months by student demonstrations and political meetings, as well as by open challenges to the regime on the part of leading political personalities who remain too influential to be silenced.

He may also expect to improve his image with his nearest neighbours, Libya and Sudan, both of which have been critical of Cairo's increased dependence on the Soviet Union.

As far as the Arab-Israeli conflict is concerned, the major question remains whether the removal of the Russians, who preferred a stalemate, will bring Egypt closer to war — or to peace.

President Sadat himself repeated this week that war was the only means of settling his conflict with Israel, adding that the withdrawal of Russian military personnel did not imply any postponement of that war. Despite such belittling statements, he can be expected to be more cautious about embarking on a military venture after the departure of Russian personnel essential for the efficacy of his army and the defence of his country.

Furthermore, if the withdrawal turns out to be genuine, the Egyptians would need some considerable time to fill the vacuum left by the Russians in various spheres and on many levels.

Everything now seems to depend on how the Egyptian military hierarchy responds to Sadat's move and to the new freedom from Soviet control. The upper echelons are said to be aware that no fighting will be started by Egypt unless the political leadership decides on a limited operation as a springboard for a new political initiative, in both the domestic and external spheres. For the moment, however, the springboard is being provided by the very act of expelling the Soviets, which the Egyptian political leadership will seek to exploit in its dealings over the Middle East crisis.

Thus it might not have been a mere coincidence that the U.S. representative in Cairo, Joseph Greene, met the Egyptian Adviser on National Security Affairs, Hafez Ismail, last Monday night. What took place at the meeting has not been disclosed, but according to diplomatic sources Mr. Greene was told Sadat is willing to discuss a political settlement aimed at reopening the Suez Canal. If the meeting means the start of an Egyptian rapprochement with the U.S., Israel cannot fail to be seriously affected by this week's development.

(Soviet aid to Egypt, page 4)

# Aid to Cairo cost more than expected

Dr. Gur Ofer of the Soviet and East European Research Centre at the Hebrew University gives an idea of the extent of Soviet aid to Egypt.

His comments are drawn from a paper presented at the conference on the Soviet Union in the Middle East held in Tel Aviv in December.

FROM 1954 to 1970, the Soviet Union and its East European satellites extended some 17 billion dollars worth of military and economic assistance to "third world" developing countries. The Soviet Union's contribution alone amounted to 14 billion.

The largest single beneficiary of this largesse was Egypt, which received a full 40 per cent of all such military and more than 16 per cent of the economic aid dispensed by the Soviet bloc during those 16 years.

Three conclusions seem inescapable. First, the heavy economic burden incurred by the Soviet Union in Egypt can only be explained in terms of the perception of an acute strategic threat by the U.S. in the Mediterranean. This threat has meantime relatively declined, for example with the deployment of America's Poseidon

missiles in the Indian Ocean. Secondly, while the Soviet Union is interested in keeping the Arab-Israeli conflict going, it also has a stake in keeping the Middle East arms race from escalating.

And thirdly, it is doubtful whether the Soviet Union can afford, except in emergencies, to engage in massive military aid programmes in two regions at the same time — in the Indian Ocean as well as in the Middle East.



In the "good old days," Soviet Defence Minister Andrei Grechko and President Sadat.

## Payment in kind

During the early years of Egypt's special relationship with the Soviets, until the early sixties, payment for arms—whether Soviet or Czech in origin—used to be made in kind, with the best of Egyptian cotton and rice. In 1965, however, payments were suspended, and an arms debt of \$480m. was written off by the Soviet Union. Since then, Egypt has paid little, if anything, for Soviet aid. What started out as a credit, ended up as a grant-in-aid.

The economic burden of Soviet military aid to the Arab Middle East as a whole—but particularly to Egypt—has been rather high, though not necessarily exorbitant from the Kremlin's viewpoint. At the same time it is clear that the costs of the military aid programme far exceeded original Soviet estimates.

## Balance upset

This was so mainly because of the unanticipated developments of June 1967. Without the Six Day War, the balance of power between Israel and the Arab States could have been maintained at a much lower level of armaments and slower escalation, and possibly without creating the threat of a direct Israeli-Soviet confrontation.

The war smashed the laboriously manufactured Arab-Israeli balance which had been sustained in large measure by sheer bluff, and by the uncertainties resulting from a long period without direct confrontation.

After the war the Soviet Union not only had to replace the equipment lost by the Egyptians, but also to restore the credibility of its Arab allies. The Soviet leaders must have then realized that for the Egyptian armed forces to be rehabilitated, they would not only have to be equipped at a much higher level than before, but that sooner or later they would have to be provided with a dependable air defence system which would have to include Soviet personnel.

Accordingly, Israel's deep air-raids into Egypt at the end of 1969 appear to have done no more than speed up—though quite considerably in all likelihood—a deployment that would have become necessary in any case. Whatever margin of error they may have included in their calculations, the Russians were in 1967 undoubtedly confident they could achieve their major aims with less tension than actually developed, and consequently they expected the cost to be lower. This is one reason why the So-

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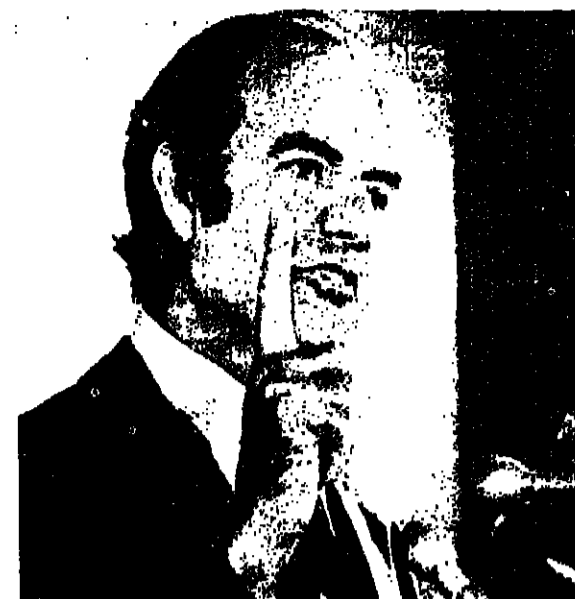
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# McGOVERN'S JEWISH PROBLEM



Many Jews believe that McGovern is insensitive to the concern they feel as an ethnic group, writes SAM LIPSKI. The correspondent also discusses Jewish fears of the Democratic candidate's attitude to Israel.

WASHINGTON. — WHAT doth it profit a man to win the nomination of the Democratic Party but to lose the White House? For Senator George McGovern, a former Methodist minister and the son of a minister, this is the text for today. The battle for the nomination over, the struggle for the presidency is joined. They are different campaigns and require different strategies. By the common consent of his supporters and opponents the task before McGovern is one of broadening his base of electoral support, convincing the coalition of the old politics that they need not fear his coalition of the new, reassuring the labour movement, the ethnic groups and the party regulars.

He must do all this while making certain he does not enrage his legions of field workers, the dedicated organization men and women who have refueled his machine, and the anti-war liberal-left reformers who have placed their trust and hopes in his public commitments.

## Crucial attitude

The reaction of Jewish voters to McGovern is both crucial in itself and illustrative of the wider problems he faces. Playing out a not uncommon historical role, Jews will be the McGovern weathervans. If he can slow the erosion among them, it will be a sign that he can possibly recapture other disaffected Democrats. If the Jewish "allpage" continues, it is hard to see how even the strongest doses of the new politics or the youth vote can make up for it. The pivotal role of the Jewish vote continues to puzzle many outside observers. How can six million Jews (of whom about half will be voting) make such a difference? The answer is that for the most part the difference has indeed been exaggerated in the past. But this year the two key factors — the presence of large numbers of Jews in the key northern states and the high turnout of Jews on election day — can be very significant.



Senator Abraham Ribicoff... a key McGovern adviser gives a warning to Jews.

Presidential elections remain electoral college elections; and winning crucial states makes the difference. Choosing an American president is less a national referendum on the issues, or the personalities of the candidates, than it is a register of the minorities, regions, classes, age groups and shifting population movements which tug at American society.

To win the White House McGovern must win in New York, New Jersey, California, Ohio, Pennsylvania and probably Illinois, not to mention other states. But the big northern ones are essential as it seems unlikely he will win any states in the south or southwest. In all the key states Jews form an important voting element, and in New York and California they can swing an election.

## Not bloc vote

This does not mean that Jews vote as a bloc, or that they vote only on narrowly Jewish issues. In fact, much of the debate in the mass media and in the political campaign shows a misunderstanding of the reasons why McGovern should be concerned. And there is some evidence that he, or at least his advisers, misunderstand them just as much.

Clearly disturbed at the continuing defections to President Nixon of leading Jewish communal figures and campaign donors, and at their estimates that the Republicans will at least double their 15 per cent share of the Jewish vote, the McGovern camp seems hurt and disillusioned. This was apparent at the instructive meeting in Miami last week of Jewish delegates to the Democratic National Convention.

The "Jewish affairs seminar" was called by McGovern supporters "to quell the widespread effort to use the question of American-Israeli relations to cause polarization among Jewish voters." But it was clear from the matters raised by the delegates who attended — most of them McGovern supporters — that there was a gulf between the people at the head table and the people on the floor — a not uncommon situation in American-Jewish affairs.

## Doubts aired

Meeting on the last afternoon of the convention after McGovern had been nominated, some 150 of the 300 Jewish delegates heard a wide spectrum of doubts about McGovern: some from the delegates directly, others as transmitted from disturbed Jewish voters in their district.

The doubts did not centre only on McGovern's record on Israel. Indeed, this seemed a lesser concern than a lack of sensitivity to Jews as an ethnic minority with demands of their own. One recurrent example: A number of delegates pointed out that Jews were troubled at the acceptance in the McGovern organization of the notion that university places, jobs in the civil service, and political appointments, should be based not on merit but on the percentage of

Negroes, Mexican-Americans, or others in the community.

There were complaints that McGovern's Jewish advisers were out of touch with Jewish issues; that there was no appreciation of the anxiety in urban Jewish communities which felt seriously threatened by proposals "to give to those who have not by taking from those who have"; that the Jews closest to McGovern were "sectarian Jews" who lacked an adequate understanding of Orthodox and synagogue-oriented Jews and their needs.

It was an emotional meeting with some raw nerves in American-Jewish life well exposed. Much of the emotion came as a result of a speech to the meeting by Senator Abraham Ribicoff, a key adviser to McGovern, who warned delegates that Jews should not allow themselves to be used as a political football. There could be no greater disaster to Israel or six million Jews in America than it should appear that this election is for the presidency of Israel not the United States.

## 'Education' needed

He said that all American presidents from Harry Truman onwards needed "education" on Israel. McGovern had shown by his speeches that he would be the best friend Israel had had in the White House.

Elizabeth Holzman, a McGovern delegate who is standing for a congressional seat in Brooklyn in November (she defeated veteran Emanuel Celler in the primary), told Ribicoff that she was concerned that she might not carry Brooklyn for the Democrats not because the Jewish voters opposed McGovern's tax proposals — they supported them — but because they had legitimate fears about Israel.

## Arms for Israel

These fears have less to do with McGovern's willingness to provide arms for Israel or recognize Jerusalem as the capital or his mixed record of statements on a peace settlement. Many Jews would probably go along with the view that he would be friendly to Israel. Of far greater concern are his defence and foreign policies.

A supporter of Senator Henry Jackson, Carl Gerahman, pointed out to the meeting that if McGovern were to proceed with his defence cuts, involving major reductions in the Mediterranean Sixth Fleet and in the general defence posture of the United States, Israel would see her basic security threatened. "No. It would be strengthened," interjected a McGovern supporter.

There were some further complaints, such as the strong criticism of Rick Stearns, a 27-year-old adviser to McGovern who has been the key aide on organizing delegates in the non-primary states. While a student leader in 1967, Stearns signed pro-Arab petitions which have been circulated in Jewish communities, and some McGovern delegates at the meeting demanded his resignation on the grounds that "the number three man in the McGovern organization should not be an Arabist."

The answer that Stearns is only "a delegate counter" and had no say on issues did not satisfy the critics.

If the lesson of the meeting could be summarized it would be that McGovern has a Jewish problem, and that it goes far beyond attitudes on Israel. Many Jews believe McGovern is insensitive to the concern they feel as an ethnic group, a concern which they regard every bit as valid as those of Blacks, of Women's Liberationists, or Mexican-Americans, or other minority groups — and that the extent there is an issue on Israel it has more to do with basic questions of defence and foreign policy than McGovern's record.

Translated into votes, McGovern's Jewish problem could lose him New York. Of course, the majority of Jews will still vote the Democratic ticket in 1972. Between now and November McGovern may demonstrate the pragmatic political side which, as much as the radical populist side, gave him the no-foreign policy than McGovern's record. It would be a rough generalization in the Jewish community.

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# THE BROTHERHOOD by EPHRAIM KISHON

YOU stand on the 33rd floor of your Hollywood hotel balcony quietly contemplating the famous Sunset Boulevard, which runs on and on and finally vanishes into infinite space just beyond number 11,935. The world's longest city, Los Angeles, is still the capital of filmdom, and if its studios no longer bear profits, at least they bear the imprints of Charlie Chaplin, Greta Garbo and Mickey Mouse. You experience a thrill: after all, this is the Vatican of the movies...

**'Allow me to welcome you to Hollywood, Mr. Kitchen'**



As your flow of consciousness reaches this point, there is usually a knock at the door. More often than not, a sleekly combed man stands in the doorway holding a small bunch of flowers:

"Allow me to welcome you to Hollywood, Mr. Kitchen," the man says, and hands me a cleverly designed visiting card, on which is engraved in gold letters: President, Cinemastore Corporation Ltd. "I was told you were in town," the President twitters, "and I just dropped in to tell you how much I enjoyed your movie. Congratulations!"

"Sit down," you say, a trifle excited. "Why are you standing up?"

**Beware of crooks**

"Do you by any chance know Deluge, Sanitary Installations, Haifa?" Our guest sits down. "He's my brother-in-law, you know. So I thought it only right and proper, Ephraim, to come here and warn you: beware of the crooks in this city! They'll harass you, barge into your hotel room and tell you cock-and-bull stories about relatives in Israel, but as a matter of fact all they want is to be your sole agent for a fat commission. Come to think of it, what movie have you got?"

After a short but intense briefing, we parted on excellent terms. The President offered to become my sole agent for a fat commission, and I was enchanted with the idea, because I would have hated to hand over my film to an utter stranger. We decided to clinch the deal that night at breakfast. But no sooner had my benefactor left the room, than there was a knock at the door, and this time I faced an elegant gentleman sporting a slight squint.

**Phoney contract**

"I hope you haven't signed anything yet." The man barged into my room. "I'm sure that son of a gun told you he's a Zionist and warned you against the crooks in this city. That's his gimmick. Then he makes you sign a phoney contract, grabs your movie and that's the last you ever see of him."

I thanked him profusely for rescuing me at the eleventh hour from the clutches of this robber. My guest pulled out a folded contract from his pocket:

"I'll give you a third of the box office," he said. "Sign here, will you?"

My ball pen was poised over the dotted line, but just then a black slave came in and handed me a cable:

**"YOU ARE IN DANGER. I AM WAITING DOWNSTAIRS. BUCHBINDER."**

"Pardon me," I said to the third of the box office, and dashed downstairs. Buchbinder was waiting for me, hidden behind a potted palm.

"The gangster in your room is hand in glove with the President," he whispered. "They set up a partnership when they met in the prison for sexual offenders down in Alabama. He warns you against his partner and in that way worms himself into your confidence, and before you know what's happening he gives your film to the Sicilian Mafia. Those two guys have filled a whole cemetery in Hollywood. I hope you haven't signed yet?"

"Of course not," I scoffed. "I'm not as gullible as I look."

"I can see that," Buchbinder agreed. "What you need is a big and well-established film company that you can trust. I spend some of my leisure time as Vice-President of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Where's the copy of your movie?"

**Wanted on phone**

"I'll fetch it right away, Mr. Vice-President," I said, overjoyed at this unexpected stroke of luck. But just then the hotel porter popped up at the other side of the palm and told me in a whisper that I was urgently required on the house telephone. Box Office, who, it will be remembered, had stayed behind in my room, was ringing from upstairs.

"Hello," he breathed into the receiver. "Has he gone?"

"Who?"

"The Rat. He introduces himself as Vice-President, though in fact he's a retired pick-pocket. I bet he told you the President and I are working hand in glove like a couple of gangsters, right?"

"I seem to recall," I stammered, "that Mr. Buchbinder did indeed mention something of the sort."

"Buchbinder is an alias, his real name is Kraus. He's wanted by Interpol as an inveterate debaucher of minors."

"How do you know?"

"What a question! He's my best friend. Got away from him before it's too late over!"

I went back to the Rat and perfunctorily broke off negotiations with him under the pretext that the copy of my film was just then being washed and greased. I went back to Box Office in my

room, my heart overflowing with gratitude, but the elderly lift boy stopped at the 22nd floor, and breathed into my ear:

"I sure hope you don't keep any cash in your room. Your guest is the king of safe-crackers who escaped from Devil's Island only this morning and is now hiding in a whore-house. Besides, he's a liar."

The lift operator gave me his visiting card: "Confidential Films, Movie Distribution Company. Quick, efficient service."

I returned to my room on the 33rd floor somewhat confused.

"Didn't the lift boy accost you?" Box Office asked anxiously as I came in.

"No," I answered. "Why should he accost me?"

**Notorious bigamist**

"Be careful of him," Box Office warned me. "He's a notorious bigamist who pays his alimony from the proceeds of horse thieving. Hey, get a pen and let's finish that deal!"

The telephone rang!

"Hello," I lifted the receiver. "I haven't signed yet."

"Thank God," somebody sighed with relief at the other end of the line. "Is that Bob?"

"No, Kitchen. Wrong number."

"Bob is a swine, keep away from him," the man said and I thought, you're telling me? and we disconnected.

By now I was a little disconcerted by the professionalism of the softening-up process. Though I am a proud son of the Mediterranean, and my native country boasts a bumper crop of slanders, the parade of Hollywood agents had left an indelible imprint on my psyche. I left the telephone and went back to Box Office, who had spent my absence rummaging feverishly through the clothes closet in search of the copy of my film.

"Routine check," he returned my pants to the hanger. "You're very smart to hide the film. This city is teeming with hoodlums who won't shy away even from invading your clothes closet. Permit me to introduce myself. I'm Colonel Westinghouse of the Cavalry Corps!"

Only then did I notice that

this was no longer Box Office, but someone quite different, with a red beard and a ten-gallon hat. They must have switched places somehow.

"Don't let the film out of your hands," the Colonel warned me. "This is a real jungle here, believe you me. You're sitting in a private screening room at the other end of the city with an apparently highly respected agent, an ex-officer, anything you like, and during the screening, while your back is turned, they remove the reels, take them to the laboratory next door, and have them copied, without any fuss. Then they sell the stolen copies to Saudi Arabia and the oil sheikdoms — they pay fantastic prices for a white film..."

Fear gripped me.

"Are they all crooks here, Colonel Westinghouse?" I asked.

"Forget Westinghouse, that guy is one of the worst underworld characters, a dirty, cheating thief."

"Excuse me," I interrupted him, "aren't you Westinghouse?"

The Colonel fell silent and blinked several times.

"I'm a little mixed up," he

admitted finally, "I meant someone else. They're all miserable pimps, grave robbers most of them. They make me sick to the stomach. So where is you movie, Mr. Kitchen? I'd like to screen it as soon as possible in my private screening room at the other end of the city."

"I haven't got it on me," I said choking. "I can't trust even myself."

"Did you hear anything?" I pulled him over into a corner. Suddenly I felt light and carefree, the words just gushed out of my mouth.

"I'm the biggest crook you've ever seen," I whispered in his ear, "a congenital liar, that's what I am."

"Attahoy," The Colonel clapped me on the back. "Welcome to Hollywood!"

We shook hands and then there decided to set up a film agency and cheat each other as much as possible. Since then I've been living in Hollywood distributing slanders wholesale. The address: "Westinghouse and Kitchen Intrigue Mongering, 13,712 Sunset Boulevard." Entrance through the yard, don't sign anything!

Translated by Yohanan Goldman (by arrangement with "Ma'ariv")

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# WHO'S A MEXICAN?

The Mexicans are proud of their distinctive origins and harbour no regrets for the Spanish past. But there are Indian tribes which have long lived in isolation and who cannot easily be absorbed into the life of the rest of the country without losing the identity they have so long preserved, writes **LEA BEN DOR** in the final article of a series on Mexico.



President and Mrs. Echeverria of Mexico wearing Nawatl Indian wedding crowns at a mock ceremony.

"WE are not conquerors. Our ancestors, we are told, came through the Bering Straits, down through North America," said a Mexican to me when I remarked I had seen no statue anywhere to commemorate the arrival of the Spaniard Cortes and his 500 men. "We are not South America, while the South America they're all just an imitation of the United States. Mexico is something quite different."

In the next breath you are likely to be told that if the Aztecs who had been ruling in what is now Mexico City had not treated other Indian tribes so harshly, then Cortes would not have been able to enlist their help against them, and could never have destroyed the great city of Tenochtitlan so easily with his small force.

**The first President**

It may be part of the reason why a slogan one sees often in Mexico is one proclaimed by Benito Juarez: "Respect for the rights of others is peace." Juarez, the penniless Indian village boy, studied law and rose to lead the revolution against Spanish rule, and to become the first Mexican President. The hundredth anniversary of his death is being marked this year, and if there is a personality cult in Mexico, it is the cult of a safely dead Juarez, whose portrait is displayed at every meeting, and who has a statue in every town, a symbolical monument to Mexican independence. Juarez fought a Spanish empire that crumbled long ago, and today's statues symbolise independence, mainly from the rich neighbour, America. There is a continuing faith in the idea of democracy that he preached, and possibly also in the idea of the poor boy with every disadvantage who made good, which is, of course, a thoroughly American concept. And that could be more reassuring than a first president of pure Indian stock?

The waiters at a big hotel are likely to be darker, more visibly Indian, than the people they are serving. A fair-skinned young woman admitted that her family

would not have liked it if she had married a man of markedly Indian appearance — but they would mind much more still if she got a divorce from anybody. I also met the head of a large educational organization who might have stepped straight out of a cowboys-and-Indians epic, as the Indian, and his three palely western, nondescript assistants. But I found no "Indian movement," no attempt to foster any separatist consciousness. People scarcely seem to understand such a question. I asked why there are scarcely any Indian words in the Spanish spoken in Mexico.

"Because the Indians were defeated," And no Indian names? But there are — Cuauhtemoc, the name of the last, heroic Aztec emperor. Not the unfortunate Montezuma, of course, who let himself be tricked and defeated by Cortes.

**The new man**

In the end it was the Spaniards themselves who were defeated, I was told, not by the decimated Indians, a few of whom preferred to withdraw into the mountains where they could continue to live their own lives, but by the new creature they had themselves produced, the Mexican. I heard many references to the historical development of this people, sometimes in such high flown terms as "the mystic union of the Indian and Latin races." Happily, nobody has any desire to sort them out again.

THE Huicholes Indians picked a triangular spur of flat rock high up in the mountains of central Mexico for their sanctuary. As you fly over the mountains their meagre farms are pointed out to you: a circular stone fence with some scattered objects in the middle which are, in fact, a hut and some outhouses. They were not grouped in villages, but singly, on any ledge where there

was a little fertile earth. The nearest neighbour might be 200 metres away up a sheer cliff or on the next mountain.

Planes bringing visitors land in a narrow clearing among the trees on the little plateau, and for an anxious moment it seemed impossible that the pilot should be able to nose his way in safely.

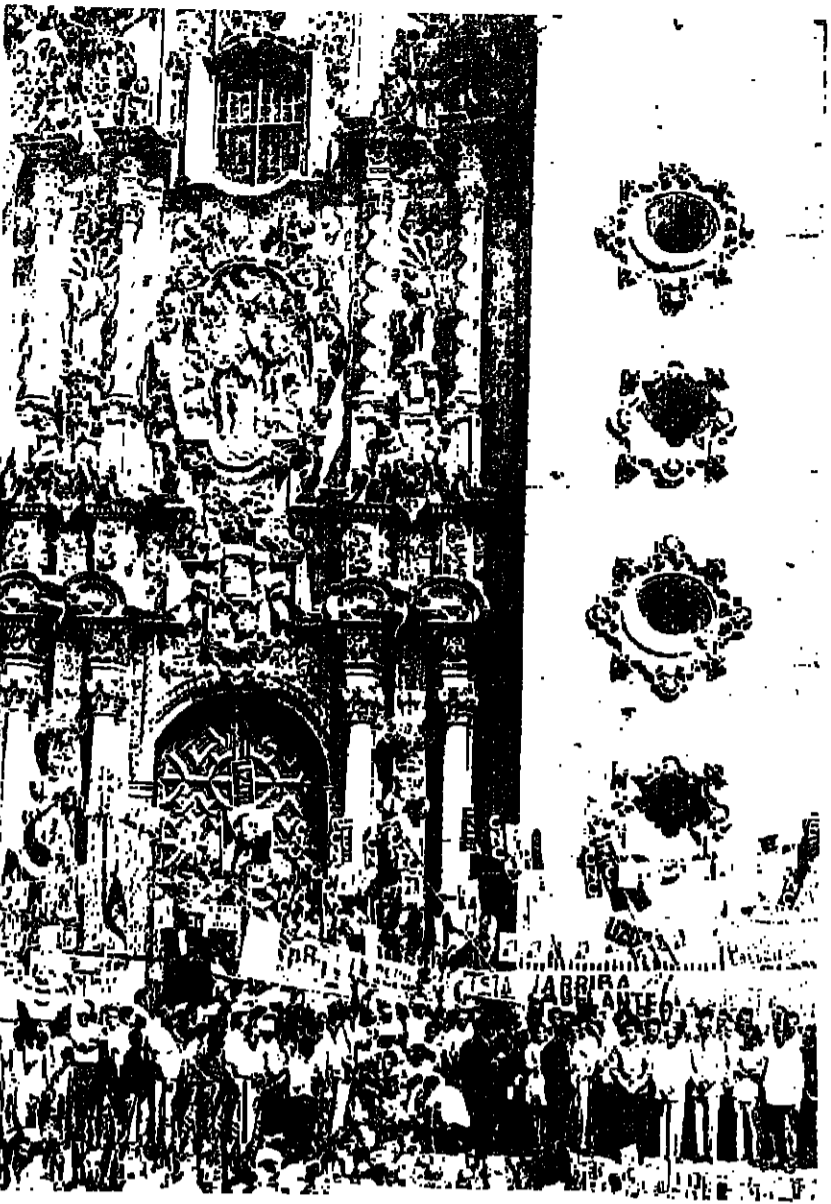
As the planes landed parties of Indians trooped up, most of them in the traditional heavily embroidered white cotton tunic and trouser suits because it was a festive occasion. They certainly welcomed President Echeverria, who had the previous year had a pipeline built to the mountain top from a distant spring, so that they might have pure drinking water, but without any of the signs of awe that might have been expected for a great chief of chiefs. There is no road up the mountain and practically the only visitors the Huicholes receive are the tribe of anthropologists who come to delve into strange and indelicate matters. Quite possibly the President and his wife may appear as simple, ordinary people by comparison, particularly when they bring along a small son whose main idea is to get some of the bigger kids to play football.

This time the President inaugurated a concrete building that was hygienic but gloomy and equipped with monstrous hooks. It suddenly dawned on me that this was no school or storm-proof clinic, but a slaughterhouse. Cows, sheep, goats, pigs and chickens have been farried up to this place by air, together with a young rancher and his wife to look after the beasts and introduce these Indians to the art of husbandry. It is hoped in this way to improve their diet and create more work locally, to save at least some of the families from the need to migrate down to the valley every year and work in the tobacco factories for a few months. It derives from a general plan gradually to in-

tegrate the isolated tribes in the fabric of Mexican life.

After the inauguration the President held one of his work sessions. I heard later that the Indians are by no means simply overcome by the generosity of the government in trying to help them earn a better living. One of them said to the President, "You have done very well for us up to now. If you continue to do so, we shall continue to support you."

The Huicholes are a tribe that fled into the mountains to escape the Spaniards and the senseless, bitter labour they forced on the conquered population together with an alien religion. No great civilization could develop in an area where there is rarely room for two families to live side by side on the same bit of flat land — especially after their own gods



The elaborate carving of the baroque churches is gay and realistic, with an occasional sun god or other Indian deity smuggled in among the Christian figures by the craftsmen who did the work.



The old woman is really a whistle 15 centimetres high.

# Marvels of Mexico's past

(Continued from page 7)

and way of life had suffered such total defeat. The most impressive fact at a crafts exhibition in Guadalajara (where an Israeli in a green shirt turned up after a while and introduced himself as organizer, if I understood him rightly) was the wide range of work produced in the isolated valleys and mountain ranges. The tribes have their wholly individual techniques and styles in embroidery, weaving, leather and ceramic work, as though from different nations, linked only by the tradition of brilliant, often astonishing colour combinations.

There were also several silent men in Indian tribal dress who sat and minded the exhibits, only too obviously exhibiting themselves. Are they to become professional Indians? In one of the towns I saw an "Indian" dance team that performs on Sundays in garish imitation outfits of plastic feathers and cotton leather, real Indians who have become fake Indians.

## Will it survive

Most of the Huichole embroidery showed the elements of the traditional myths: snake, eagle and wolf, interspersed with abstract patterns. But here and there was a man proudly showing off a tunic with embroidery that had obviously been taken from a pattern bought in town, with rows of tulips in flowerpots, surrounded by daisy chains, or characteristically Hungarian and Rumanian forms. A few children had clothes of shiny cotton satin bought in town. The Indians can still sell their crafts now. How long will that survive? How long before Ph.D.s from town will have to teach the Indians their own ancient designs? The experiment with the livestock is probably as promising as any.

We toured the area of the sanctuary and visited a place of prayer like a skeleton torso or tent built of trimmed tree trunks. There was a hole in the baked earth in the middle, crammed with clay puppets, the gods of the place. Why were the gods all tossed into the hole? The wooden tent-place is moved every few years, I learnt, and the gods are in the hole so nobody will step on them in the meantime. When the new tunic is ready, they will go back to their sacred places. Very practical worshippers. One clay god had a small clay throne and was taken out for our benefit.

## 'Strangers'

Mrs. Echeverria, the wife of the President, who has made the Indians one of her concerns, looked at the clay puppets and said with distress, "We are strangers here." An up-and-coming young government official whom I asked some questions about the tribal Indians later said as anxiously, "I don't know, are they Mexicans? I don't know what we should do about them."

Presently we went to visit the church, a fairly large stone building, bars as a barn. A thick, solid, wooden cross had been erected in front of the building. There was nothing inside except two crucifixes as I thought, and some holes in the ground. What were the holes in the ground? For sacrifices, said the anthropologist. Mrs. Echeverria turned to me and said hurriedly, "Not human sacrifices, of course, you understand. Flowers and perhaps a chicken." The figure on one of the crucifixes had been draped in an orange garment. And that second figure, draped in black, was that another crucifix? No, not exactly, said the anthropologist. "Actually, that's a devil figure, and as everybody knows that there is more evil in the world than good, it is larger than the crucifix."

"I was here once when they were praying," observed Mrs. Echeverria. "They were complaining to the gods that the rains had not come in time and the crops had failed and children had died. You have to understand that it is a kind of dialogue. They were complaining loudly just as they do to my husband."

There is a clinic now, with a nurse, and a school, apart from the water and the abattoir, and a government shop stocked with tinned goods. Rations of maize and sugar and cloth are distributed to the families, and stood around in little piles, usually with a woman squatting next to her pile with a baby on her lap. When I was there, there was apparently also a ration of toys for the children. For the boys there was a plastic truck with milk cans, and for the girls sets of dolls' furniture, including kitchens and bathrooms. I had looked into the hut of one family encamped up there. There was a fire and some mats in one corner, and children creeping about, and a terrible stench. A woman sat in the doorway nursing an infant. At least she has no housework to do, I thought.

Perhaps it is not a bad life, but you should not get off a plane to see it; it is too confusing and you are forced to admit that long-isolated tribes create problems to which there may be no satisfactory answers. There are no roads, and no wheeled traffic there. As we left, I saw a small boy swing his milk truck around his head on a bit of string. After all, the only wheeled vehicle he had ever seen was a plane.

OVER the doorway of the great anthropological museum in Mexico, inside, to be read as you leave, is a phrase carved in the stone that says, roughly "Mexican, take pride in the marvels of your past, and draw strength from them for the future."

The collection, wholly pre-Columbian, is of extraordinary variety and interest. There was no complete written language to link the Indian tribes scattered over the immense area that was Mexico at various times in history, and the collection ranges from towering stone figures with a tendency to the angular and archaic, to delicate and comic clay animals. At the museum, the story is unfolded with the aid of charts, models and inscriptions. In one hall there is a loving reproduction of the central square of Tenochtitlan before Cortes, with its sellers of fruit and fish, cloth and sandals and clay pots, complete with the large Mexican dogs that appear in much of the old pottery, several cats and a mouse.

**First influence**

Cortes only arrived in 1519, which is not so long ago as the history of Jerusalem goes, for instance, but before that the Indian culture had had no contact, or no known contact, with the outside world. Sun worship and human sacrifices have become history today, but ordinary life as it has been carefully reproduced there fits as much closer to Mexico today than it was to the Spain of Cortes.

Some of the pre-Columbian carvings are stylized and rigid, memorials to a powerful and oppressive religious cult; some of the pottery rich and sophisticated in feeling, a reminder that it is not technology that is the main element in civilization.

There are the strange, sad figures of little men sitting with their elbows on their knees, idly waiting. For what? For the rain to start and the land to come to life again, it is said. And the jovial figures in jars, with lids

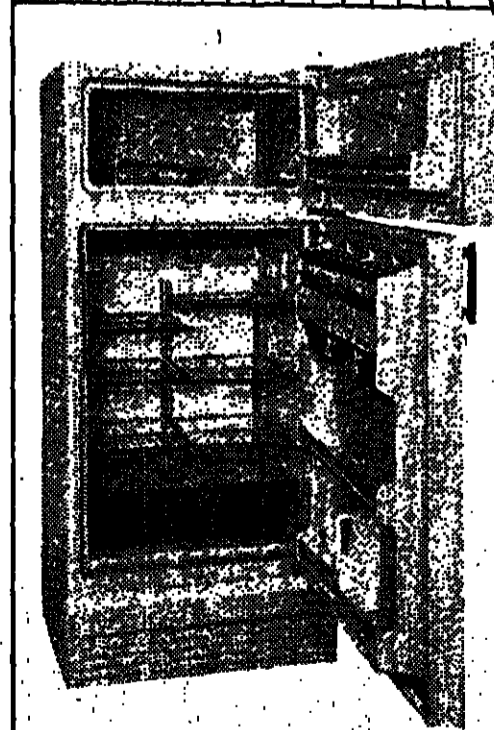
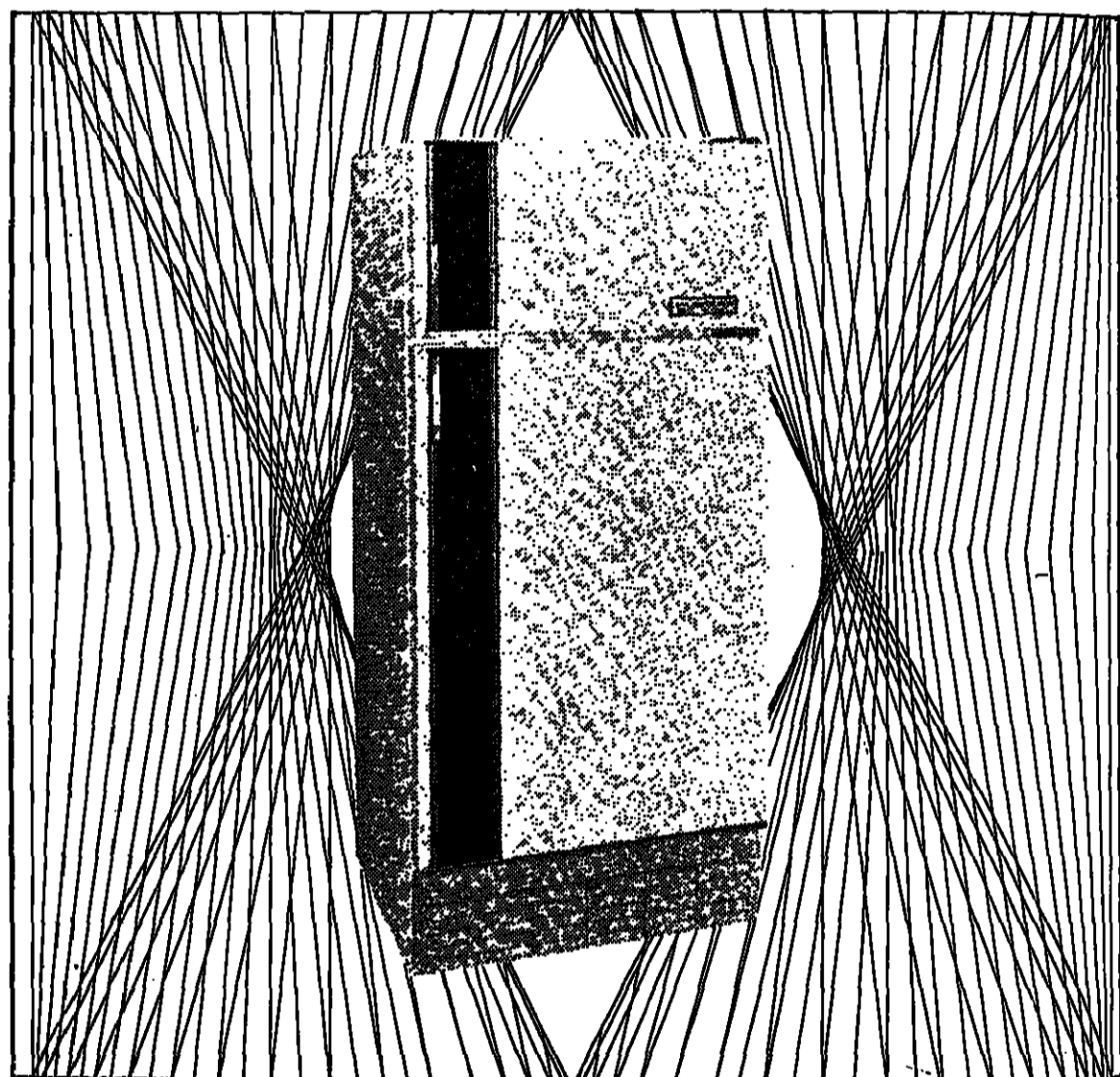
for hats and armed with sticks, whose business it was to crack open the jars of heaven and release the rain. I found it hard to move on from the half-human dog in red burnished clay, sitting up and biting a paw in perplexity and scratching himself with the other, and from the agonized, yet comic, stone portrait of an adolescent with you will excuse me, exaggeratedly large balls.

To reassure us that the gifts of the ancient Mexicans have not been lost there is the museum building itself, planned for effective display and convenience, handsome and harmonious. Its long walls of slightly irregular grey stone are "Mexican" in feeling, the whole enlivened by the unexpected reverse fountain that surrounds a carved central pillar

with a curtain of water, and incidentally cools and moistens the air. The entrance fee is relatively high at 10 pesos (ILS.30), but it is free on Sundays, when Mexican families might be expected to visit the museum. When I was there it was full of school-children busily sketching exhibits, writing in their notebooks, and seemingly entranced by the reconstructions.

There were even more children at the Historical Museum of the Revolution in Chapultepec Park. Pictures, portraits, tableaux and documents of the fight for independence and the revolution are preserved or reproduced there, in a small-shaped path that leads you through the building in one direction, something like the Guggenheim Museum in New York. The

story unfolds as you walk through. The exhibit starts off with a series of paintings — by a distinguished artist — of how the Mexican people came to be, and the names for the various degrees of mixture between Indians, Spaniards, Africans and others. These varying faces turn up again in the series of portraits of heroes of the revolution, as they do in the population of today, and among the visitors to the Museum. (There were few tourists here.) For a while I followed an elderly farmer and his son, in village clothes, burnt dark brown by the ferocious Mexican sun, and even the younger man able to spell out a sentence only with much difficulty. Nalvey and with pleasure they relived the great days, more proud more conscious of their heritage. I found myself envying them the museum, and wishing we might send someone to Mexico to study the art of creating such living history, to depict the course of the Zionist revolution in this way and to keep it alive for future generations.



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The end of a journey. Exodus passengers are brought to Klocknitz after being turned back from the shores of Palestine.



Children among the debris on the Exodus decks after the battle with British troops.

# EXODUS: An historic voyage recalled

On July 18, 1947, a one-time Chesapeake ferryboat, used as a troop carrier during World War II, was captured by a British naval task force

37 kms. off the coast of Sinai, in international waters. It was carrying 4,554 Jews bound for Palestine. The people were later sent back to Germany in a

move which swung world sympathy squarely behind the Jewish cause in Palestine. The ship was the Exodus. CHARLES WEISS tells the story.

THE word "exodus" has had a mystic influence on the destiny of the Jewish people in their homeland. In the Bible it was the book in which the Jews departed from Egypt and emigrated to the Promised Land. When the Haganah had to give a name to the biggest ship in its illegal immigration assault on the British mandatory administration in Palestine, it chose "Exodus 1947." Years later, Leon Uriel wrote the book which brought Israel alive for people the world over. It was a fictional account of the Jewish return to the land of their ancestors which was close enough to the truth to stir imaginations and sympathies, a kind of "Haganahground" in which the marines were all played by Jews. He naturally called the book "Exodus."

Looking back 25 years, it is hard to escape the feeling that the Exodus incident, the real one, was an historic turning point. The Partition Resolution passed by the United Nations in November, 1947, gave the stamp of legitimacy to the establishment of the State of Israel; but it may have been the Exodus that, in the words of Bartley Crum, who had been one of the U.S. members of the 1946 Anglo-American Commission of Inquiry on Palestine, "launched the State."

The Rev. John Grauel is a Methodist Minister who made the trip on the Exodus in 1947 and who has consistently agitated for Israeli causes ever since. He is currently in Israel in connection with Operation Joshua, a summer programme to instill Israeli values in American youth. He recalls the summer of the "Exodus" as having been exceptionally hot. The atmosphere was electric. The word was waiting for the second shoe to drop. And suddenly it wasn't a second shoe, but a lightning bolt — the Exodus.

The Exodus passengers might have been treated like those on other ships caught carrying "illegal" *Aliyah Bet* immigrants to Eretz Israel, and sent to Cyprus. But British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin stubbornly refused, despite a worldwide wave of shocked horror, to budge from his decision that these refugees should be returned to Germany. So they were shipped to Hamburg, where they had to be forcibly removed from the British prison ships that took them

there. This sordid affair occurred while the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine (UNSCOP) was in the middle of deliberations which ultimately resulted in the decision to have a Jewish state set up by partitioning the country. Perhaps the Exodus had something to do with that decision.

The Exodus was built in the 1920s to serve as a ferryboat on Chesapeake Bay. It was called the "President Warfield," after the head of the shipping company which owned it. The vessel did not make a go of it during the depression, and it was only saved from the wreckers by the truth to stir imaginations and sympathies, a kind of "Haganahground" in which the marines were all played by Jews. He naturally called the book "Exodus."

After the war it was again saved from the wreckers and bought by a secret coterie of American Jews for use as an illegal immigration ship. It was refitted in Baltimore and after one false start into a storm, when it almost sank, made it across the Atlantic.



Days of hope... waiting to board the Exodus at Sette.

The Warfield was hounded by the British from the moment she entered the Mediterranean — they had figured out right away that she was not up to any good. Observation planes kept overflying the ship and taking pictures, and the French and Italian authorities had both been told the Warfield's real purpose. They were expected to try and keep her from running refugees through the blockade to Palestine.

The mixed crew of 42 Israelis and Americans were an undisciplined lot. The prostitution and thriving black markets of post-war Europe occupied them as profitably as the job they had been signed on to do. Only after the refugees came aboard did they really grasp the import of what was happening.

Mr. Grauel describes how the ship came to Palestine via the southern route — they wanted to test her draught in the shallows of Damietta, at the mouth of the Nile. At about 2.30 in the morning of July 18, the ship was suddenly

caught in the searchlights of the British destroyers which had been trailing her for a few days. Lined up to meet the marine boarding party on the Exodus' deck were teen-agers fouled by the filth of eight days of malfunctioning toilets. They clutched potatoes and cans of milk in their hands. A large poster showed a woman holding a baby with the legend: "England. This is your enemy."

The Exodus cruised at 14 knots, but at a pinch she could be pushed up to 13 or even 12 knots. With her speed and shallow draught — after all she was a ferryboat — it was hoped to get her into water where the destroyers couldn't follow her and finally beach her in Tel Aviv. Screens had been run around the ship to keep off boarders, and five steam pipes had been installed on the bulwarks. The screens and the pipes were smashed when the destroyers rammed into the boat from both sides. British marines leaped aboard.

The fighting took a few hours. There were a few gunshot wounds. The three Jews killed were all clubbed to death. One of them was the second mate, Bill Bernstein. Mr. Grauel describes him as a hot-tempered redhead. When Bill was shoved off the bridge he came chugging back carrying a fire extinguisher. But his skull was fractured from a later blow and he died several hours later.

I watched the Exodus make its way into Haifa, still under her own steam. We couldn't tell then whether she was still a Haganah ship or whether she had been taken over by the British.

The people on board were disembarked and taken aboard the prison ships used on the Haifa-Cyprus run. Everyone thought they were bound for the island, like all the other illegals of the past few years. It was here that Bevin made his mistake.

The outcome would probably have been the same if he had not decided to send the Jews back to Germany. There was too much that hot summer going in favour of a Jewish State or some other kind of acceptable refuge for the survivors of the Nazi death camps. UNSCOP might have decided what it did without the Exodus. But the Exodus happened.

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## When a poem becomes a play



Premier Golda Meir talks backstage with Yossi Yadin, the poet in "Summer Celebration," after a gala performance of the play in Jerusalem this week. (David Rubinger)

**SUMMER CELEBRATIONS** by Nathan Alterman, adapted and staged by Shmuel Bunim, at the Tamerai Theatre, Tel Aviv. Set and costumes by Arie Navon, music by Alexander Argev.

### THEATRE Mendel Kohansky

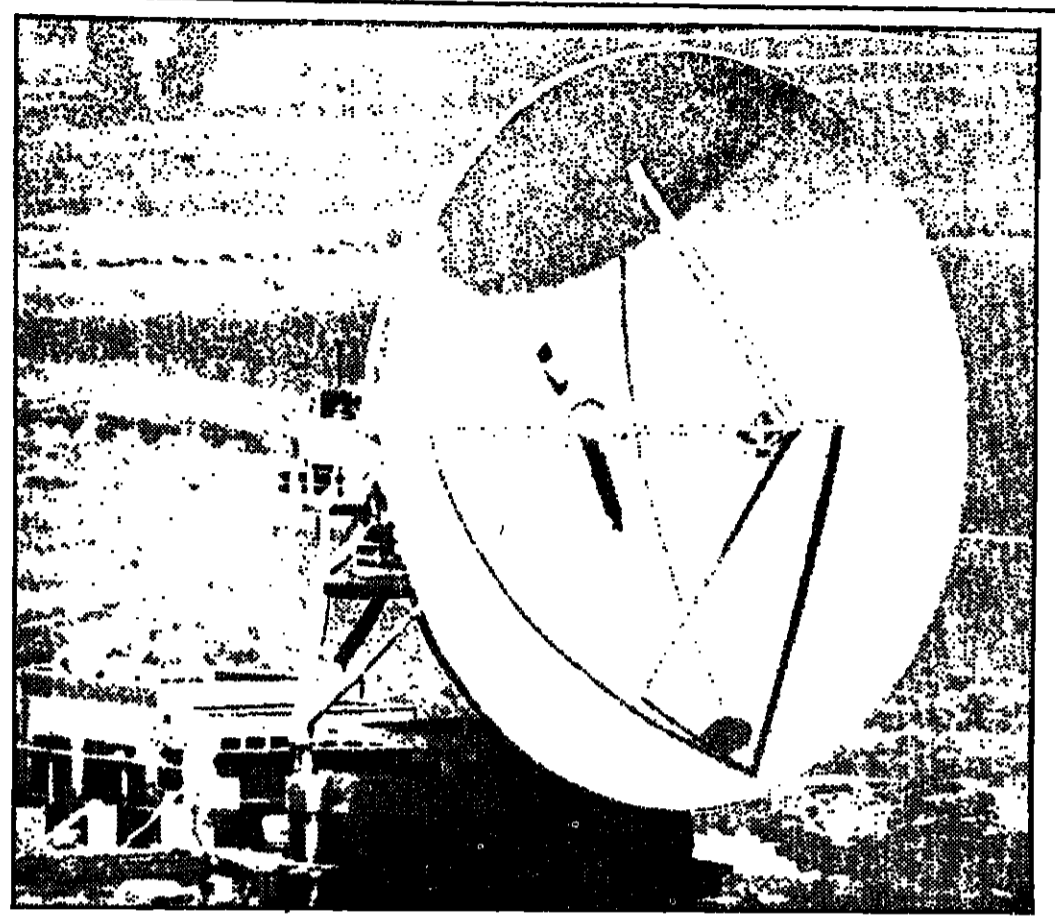
FOR many years, Nathan Alterman carried on an ardent but largely unhappy love affair with the theatre. He contributed some masterly translations, especially of Moliere, and some successful adaptations, but his efforts at original plays were all failures — poetic, philosophical works which never came to life on the stage. His posthumous play, the narrative poem "Summer Celebration," adapted for the stage and directed by Shmuel Bunim, falls into the same category. The language which reads so beautifully, the pathetic and whimsical characters, the rich, lusty story evoking the atmosphere of a poor neighbourhood; the subtle, loving humour — all this is largely lost in a play which moves clumsily and slowly, its plot artificially strung together, its characters banal. Why is this? Is the poem intrinsically unsuitable for the theatre, so that no adaptation, no matter how skilful, could do it justice? Or has the present adapter failed to find the right note in translating the poem into theatre?

I have no answer to this question. I wonder if anyone has. I do think, however, that Shmuel Bunim as director has exhibited a marked lack of imagination in staging the play. Not for one moment during the entire show, including moments which naturally lend themselves to dramatic or humorous exploitation, has he generated any excitement on the stage. The actors are tiresome in their repetition of little tricks (the bank clerk holding his head askew, the pimp stroking his thin moustache, the chairman wiping away perspiration) and have been given nothing significant to do.

The action of "Summer Celebration" takes place in Cafe Sambaoul, in a poor neighbourhood in South Tel Aviv

inhabited largely by immigrants from the Balkans, complete lifetimes of events take place during that summer night presided over by a huge full moon: the waitress in the cafe, an embodiment of innocent, vulnerable young womanhood so well known from Alterman's other plays and poems, goes through the terrible experience of being forced into prostitution by her lover; an old man whose wife died a few months ago breaks off his inept romance with the local witch; a thief plans and unsuccessfully executes a bank robbery; another old man who has lost his two most precious possessions — his daughter and a silver goblet, a family heirloom — regains both. In and out of these events moves the poet, notebook in hand, regarding the characters — he himself has created with a benevolent but slightly detached eye, through a cloud of brandy.

The cast is a good one, but the acting is mostly colourless. Zaharira Harifal as Madame Clara, the cafe owner, shows little of the humour and pathos of which we know her to be capable. Yossi Yadin as the poet is wooden in his monotonous nonchalance. Yossi Graber as the chairman makes a good initial appearance but soon wears out his welcome by repetition. Ora Shiron, as the girl, fails to arouse the sympathy she deserves. Avner Haskiyahu, as the watchman, repeats his well-known tricks. Esther Grinberg-Shevek is a predictable witch. Only Shlomo Vishnitsky, as the good-hearted underworld character, gives a natural, amusing performance and Assi Hanegbi has his moments as the menacing pimp. Arie Navon's set and costumes are simple and effective.



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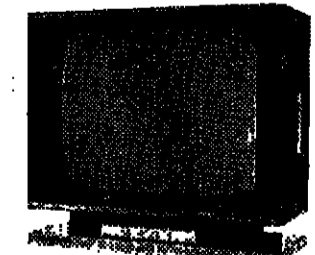
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# NIGHT OF LAMENTATION



"Turn us unto Thee, O Lord and we shall be turned." Yemenite Jews pray at the Western Wall with confidence in Jeremiah's prophecy: "Thou canst not have utterly rejected us."



"Let the twilight of that day be dark; let it look for light but have none." Light in synagogues are dimmed for the Tisha Be'Av evening service, the prayer book illumined by candles.



One may not study the Tora on Tisha Be'Av, for "Tora is light." The exceptions are the books of Lamentations, Job and Jeremiah.

Text David Gross

Pictures Micha Bar-Am

MORE than 150,000 Jews of Spain were banished from that kingdom on the Ninth day of the Hebrew month of Av, in the year 1492. On that same day in our times, in the year 1947, the Jewish "illegal immigrants" boat Exodus disgorged its human load on to the bloodied soil of Europe, having been driven back from this country by the British. In the year 136 on the Ninth of Av, the plough was drawn across Mt. Moriah in Jerusalem, site of the two Temples which had been destroyed 66 and 722 years previously on the tenth of Av, and the beautiful capital of Israel was renamed Aelia Capitolina and shut "for ever" to Jews.

It was on the Ninth of Av 136 that Betar fell, marking the end of the Jewish revolt against the mighty Roman empire. It was this cataclysmic event that determined the place of the Ninth of Av in the Jewish calendar and turned the day of mourning

from solely a religious one, for the loss of both Temples, to a national day of grief for loss of freedom and sovereignty.

Now that freedom and sovereignty have been restored in our generation, and the site of the Temple regained five years ago, some have suggested implementing, as did Shabtai Zvi, the prophecy of Zechariah, to turn Tisha Be'Av from a fast day to a festival. Rashi explains that this will happen with the cessation of the persecution of Jews on account of their religion.

In Jerusalem there has been a change since 1967, with the reunification of the city and the clearance of the recently-built slums from in front of the Western Wall. The national observance of the day is again closely interwoven with the religious and on the night of Tisha Be'Av thousands upon thousands of Jews assemble in front of the sole standing relic of the Temple compound, not only to pray, but to demon-

strate kinship not only with the generations of the Destruction and the Exile, Inquisition, pogrom and Holocaust, but also with their contemporaries in countries of oppression.

The Orthodox still observe the day as it has developed through the ages: a 25-hour absolute fast; mourning as for one's next-of-kin; no washing except for the fingers and to remove the sleep from one's eyes, abstinence from non-essential work. One sits low down and does not wear leather shoes (the pious sleep on the ground with a stone for a pillow); the synagogue finery is removed and the lighting dimmed. The liturgy includes the Book of Lamentations and medieval threnodes.

But the Messiah will be born on Tisha Be'Av, they say. So the women of some Oriental communities perfume themselves on the afternoon of the fast day in anticipatory celebration.



Throughout the generations — Jews have gathered at the Western Wall at Tisha Be'Av.



"The assembly of young people to read the book of Lamentations and the threnodes of Job."



"Ah Lord God! Behold I cannot speak, for I am a child."

יחזקאל





# AMIDAR'S COMMUNITY WORK SECTION

Amateur theatricals...

**TEL AVIV.** — IF Amidar plants trees in the neighbourhood, the children uproot them. If money is invested in repairs, the residents renew the damage in a week... Amidar — which recently has been criticized for everything from bribery scandals to "administrative irregularities" and unpopular policies — is on the firing line yet another area. When repairs are not made on property owned or maintained by this public company, there is a general outcry. But when things are kept in good order, the residents of some Amidar developments do not know how to take advantage of the improvement.

**Yakov Levinson** — a third generation sabra who was originally a high-school music teacher and principal — heads Amidar's Community Work Section. This unit tries to help residents learn to live better and to help themselves improve their lot. The question of appreciating housing improvements is only one aspect of the problem.

"When we go into a neighbourhood, we have to work on the problems which concern the residents, not on what bothers Amidar. Amidar might want to organize the residents to take better care of the property or to accept and appreciate improvements. But the whole programme won't work unless we organize the residents around the problems which bother them."

## Safer crossings

In one neighbourhood, bordering on a main highway, residents were upset about street accidents in which school-bound children were involved. The Amidar community worker helped them organize to bring their complaint before the Municipality, Transport Ministry and others. Safer crossing arrangements were arranged. Once that problem was solved, residents were willing to listen when the worker suggested they organize committees to take care of cleaning halls, courtyard, etc. "We don't solve any problems for them. We help them organize to get action."

Though Amidar residents include both new immigrants and immigrants of 15 or 20 years ago, the

section's limited resources (44 workers) have usually been used to help earlier immigrants "who are the ones with the most problems." However, there are cases where new immigrants, from both East and West, have benefited. In certain neighbourhoods.

## Work together

"As for the veteran settlers' resentment against immigrants who have smaller families and bigger apartments, we can't really solve the problem. But when American and British newcomers work together with veteran settlers from Eastern backgrounds on the same committees, there is less antagonism." When there are opportunities to move veteran settlers into larger apartments or to find housing for young couples the committees are active partners in determining priorities: which residents should be moved first.

Mr. Levinson's personal view is that if the proportion of housing offered veteran settlers was raised from the current 12 per cent to 20 per cent, the housing problem could be solved in five years. "I think though, that the population growth is greater than the statisticians say."

One community work experience with Eastern European (mostly Russian) immigrants began when Amidar learned that a group of 80 immigrant families intended to leave. Mr. Levinson himself, with a worker from the particular area, went to visit these families. "They all told us their stories. They had no complaints about their flats; in Russia, they said, they didn't have flats like these. They had jobs, though not always at the level at which they had worked there. But that was not their complaint."

"What bothered them was the lack of social life. One man said he came home every night and found his wife crying. She sat in the house alone all day with no one to talk to." Though the Russian immigrants were a social community among themselves, there was no communal life among them. "Maybe they hadn't gotten over the mutual suspicion so widespread in totalitarian societies." The immigrants, Mr.

Levinson added, were pleased that "representatives of officialdom" had come to see them after working hours. They gratefully accepted the suggestion that a community worker visit them twice a week. The worker helped them organize to solve real problems and provide social life as well.

Another "emergency" job handed to the community workers was the minor crisis in one rather under-developed community during the Six Day War. "All the husbands were off in the army and the women were panic-stricken. Since most of them didn't know Hebrew, they watched Syrian and Egyptian television — and I don't have to tell you what they saw. "The community worker quickly gathered the women — along with the local rabbi, school principal and storekeepers — and managed to calm them down, and get life as nearly normal as possible."

## Less dramatic

In the average neighbourhood, however, the community worker's task is more routine and less dramatic. His first step is to win the resident's confidence. Western European residents' confidence. By organizing youth clubs they eventually get parents to attend club plays or exhibits. Once the worker wins over the adults, he starts forming small work groups.

"There are two ways to organize residents. You can hold elections and form a committee from above." But that doesn't work in this case because the committee, even if successful, doesn't have direct ties to the rest of the residents. Over the years (the community work programme is 14 years old) we have learned the most successful way is to organize 'from below.' We form small groups; one to keep the courtyard clean, one to work on solving some problem with the municipality, etc. Each group then sends representatives to the Neighbourhood Committee. Because each committee reports back to his own group on what the committee is doing, there is continuous and direct communication."

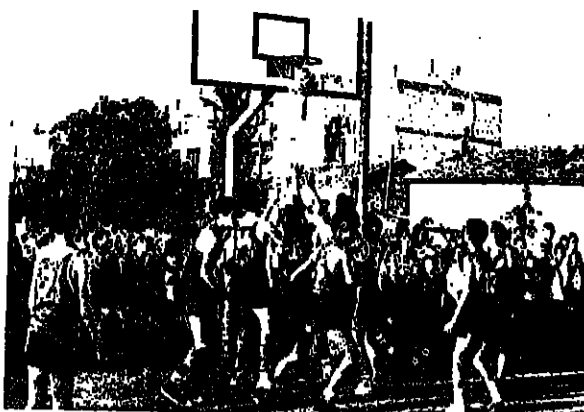
One problem is that many try to take advantage of committee activity for personal gain: a job running the neighbourhood's new club, a position in the municipality, etc. "We of course have no objection to committees also being public figures. But we don't want to lend our hands to efforts to use the committees for personal gain."

## One woman

On the other hand, he cited one committee chaired by an illiterate woman who gives not only a good deal of time but also her own money toward committee activities. "Because of limited manpower, community work has thus far come to only those (60) Amidar developments which need it most, as measured by economic and social factors; Amidar's long-term programmes, etc."

"But I think community work could help any neighbourhood. Tel Aviv could really use it; look at the mess on the streets and in public places. But 'that isn't our job, of course. Amidar can work only in areas we own, and in areas assigned to us by the Ministry of Housing."

About 85 per cent of the community workers have academic degrees in social work and the rest



Basketball (above) and group Bar-Mitavas (below) are among the activities organized by Amidar's community work section.



Bar-Mitavas ceremony (below) is among the activities organized by Amidar's community work section.

★  
By  
Lea  
Levavi  
Jerusalem  
Post  
Reporter  
★

have been trained on the job. Though it sounds impressive, Amidar's community work programme is often criticized. "The workers really don't care," one social worker told me. "Whenever I go to see the Amidar worker in our area, she's always in a meeting instead of out in the neighbourhood with the residents." At various social workers' gatherings, I have overheard whispered accusations against the Amidar community workers and charges of "in-difference" and insufficient effort. "There are a lot of people who wish we didn't exist," Mr. Levinson replied. "We help residents make noise and those at whom the noise is aimed don't like it. Though Amidar's top management gives us complete backing, there are petty officials in the company who find us a nuisance."

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# Night-time glamour at Italian shows

By Brenda W. Rotzoll  
UPI Fashion Reporter

GLAMOUR is not dead. Renato Balestra decreed its rebirth in Italian fashion earlier in an ice white and cloud crystal gray collection that had his audience cheering.

The one-time architecture student offered a choice of glittering glamour or understated glamour. The glitter came in white satin ice queen gowns of the low-necked cut made famous by actress Jean Harlow. The understatement was in gowns of gray flannel, worn with gray pearls and gray fox-trimmed coats. For casual elegance by day, he offered skinny skirts or wide trousers in double-faced wool, topped by gray or all-white sweaters in zig-zag patterns and 7/8ths length matching coats.

Shoes were streamlined Oxfords with three-inch (3 cms.) heels of mother of pearl in the color of the garment — white, gray, rust or teal blue. The stinky, white-satin gowns some with pleats outlined in bugle beads, were topped by white fox capes, or by floor-length stole edges in marabou. Evening gowns had matching skullcap hats of satin or crepe, and models carried

foot-long (30 cms.) mother of pearl cigarette holders.

Pant suits with 7/8ths coats instead of jackets came with textured sweaters by day, satin or chiffon blouses by night. All evening outfits were accompanied by 10 or 12 ropes of pearls wrapped loosely about the neck.

Much applause went to a pair of evening gowns in soft gray flannel, sleeveless, with flared skirt. Each had a knee-length flannel coat to match, collared and cuffed in gray fox. Coats were self-washed. Shallow or deep necklines were filled in with pearls.

Another glamour item was a gray satin gown, the skirt caught up to mid-thigh over the left leg. One side of the criss-cross v-necked bodice was satin, the other a seductive chiffon, half see-through, half covered with stripes of gray bugle beading.

Balestra usually remains behind the scenes after his collections, but buyers and reporters refused to leave until he took a bow. Few of them knew he designed most of the gowns while bedridden for two months with hepatitis.

KNITS were Biki of Milan's favorite, with sweaters growing into full-skirted evening gowns for

apros apart. One black and white polka dot sweater gown featured a giant snowman covering the skirt.

Daytime suits and dresses were in the favoured new slim line, in solids or muted plaids. An almost sheath-like wool dress had a fuller matching 7/8ths coat. Coats cut like artists' smocks also topped matching trousers for daytime wear.

Hems came at least an inch (2 1/2 cm.) below the knee. Collars had very deep points exaggerating those on a man's shirt. Long sleeves had deep fake cuffs in contrast color. Jackets and skirts were hemmed with more of the same contrast colour in the same fabric.

In coats, the colours were inset differently, but always sharply belted in at the waist with a belt of the same colour as the major portion of the garment. A cranberry wool fleece coat might have collar, cuffs and a broad centre stripe of light blue. Tweedy green suits with

plum skirts were banded in plum chартreuse.

More of her evening gowns were in crepe or lined organza, and looked like old-fashioned English dressing gowns, long, straight and with a band of colour up the front to a high collar.

The best-received gowns were sheer brocades, rainbow-coloured and glittering with gold, cut with flowing skirts, blouse tops and matching soft bows at the neck. Daytime shoes were the clumpy "health" variety, Oxfords with very thick soles and fat, two-inch-high stacked leather heels.

The models sported complicated hairstyles, rather like a pony tail caught up into a combined French twist-chignon, with an added little braid of fake hair worked into the twist.

**LIFE IN GALILEE** By Hadassah Bat Haim

## Volunteers at a horse farm

VOLUNTEERS it says in the paper, are wanted at a horse farm. As it is unlikely that my daughter will volunteer to do anything at all I hasten to offer her services as a stablemaid. Warnedly I assure the boss at the riding school, Shmuel Bacall, that she is perfectly competent to carry round him and his stallions. The memory of her having swept and mopped through her own room is perfectly clear, though it was some time ago. She is just lacking in practice and that can easily be remedied on the spot.

Mr. Bacall is understandably dubious about employing Hannah although — or maybe because — he knows her well even, or especially in conjunction with her friend Gillian though she is quite old, almost thirteen. He is afraid they will get bitten or trod on or rolled on and he will then be gasted for unkindness to children. (In England his critics would protest his exposing the animals to the children) but finally consents to give them a trial.

Gillian, who would go to any lengths to be in the company of anything equine, is delighted. Hannah, though fond of horses and my enthusiasm for the holiday job is further dimmed when it transpires that to be of any use at their place of work they have to set off on their bicycles at 6.30 a.m. and are, apart from a lunch break, not home till six in the evening.

**Bed at seven**  
Even this would be acceptable but for my unreasonable insistence on both of them supporting this strenuous regime by going to bed at seven after washing off some of the reek they bring in with them. To arise and retire earlier on holiday is in itself a feat, a perversion of the natural order of things and should be looked upon with abhorrence.

Fearing by the paddock I am cheered by the sight of the two of them panting under the weight of an enormous saddle, big enough to accommodate a fully armoured Crusader, which they presently proceed to heave onto an immense Percheron. As this beast has no interest in being burdened it refuses to keep still and as they are not tall enough to drop it on from above they somehow manage to slide it over the tremendous rump. Then one of them hangs round its neck pleading and cajoling while the other fiddles about under it with various straps and bits.

The horse ignores them both and ambles about cropping the grass verges of the field. They run after it, round it and under it, but as the saddle is jammed onto its gigantic hips — if that's what they are called — instead of enclosing its back and belly like an orthopaedic corset, they are entirely unsuccessful.

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# PROUD FIXER

By Diana Lerner

Special to The Jerusalem Post

TEL AVIV — The hand is quicker than the eye and very mysterious if the hands are those of miracle mender Eliezer Baniel. A handsome, thick-set man with a pair of needles and a philosophy, the tailor's skill lies in repairing everything from a gash in a pair of trousers, a cigarette burn in a fancy tablecloth, to a hole in a batiste wedding gown, so that the naked eye cannot detect it. How does he do it? Eliezer holds up a set of very fine needles and his ten fingers — with these. Also, he adds, patience, love of challenge and the satisfaction of his work.

Eliezer sits on a wooden stool in the doorway of a courtyard on Rehov Sheinkin doing his work. Inside his tiny shop are piles of material in the process of repair: jackets, trousers, awnings, shirts, dresses, evening gowns, tablecloths, draperies, even a carpet. The articles vary from the most expensive to the cheapest. Nothing is so much of a rag that it is not worth bothering to fix, providing the client wants it done, reasons Eliezer. And with clothes so expensive today, why shouldn't he?

Born in Alexandria, Eliezer came to Israel with his wife and four children in 1957. At first they lived in a small flat in Jaffa; now they have a comfortable three-room

apartment in Bat Yam — the product of his work, says Eliezer proudly. It took many years to learn the trade. He began studying at the age of 12, when he left school to become a tailor's apprentice so that he could help support the family. It's not something you can learn quickly, Eliezer reminisces. I was told if you want to learn, bring a chair with paste and just sit. After that it took years to perfect his skill. Now, no matter what kind of material or what sort of damage, Eliezer guarantees he can fix it. Factories and other tailors send difficult repair jobs to him. Insurance companies take Eliezer's word for it when he says something is beyond repair. Most often they call on him to restore damages.

Repairs cost anywhere from IL5 to IL30, depending on the work involved. A tiny hole on a fine material may often take hours longer than a large hole in something else. "I feel sorry when a mother brings her son's trousers to fix several times, each time the tear is in the same place. But, I feel sorry for one who will throw out a good pair rather than invest in fixing it," says Eliezer. Sometimes, it is a simple, inexpensive article of clothing, but the owner is attached to it, or he may not want the bother of shopping for something else that may not fit as well. Or, simply it's cheaper to have Eliezer fix it than to buy a new article; any

Eliezer Baniel at work with his needle. (Susskind photo)

reason will do, Eliezer agrees. Each material has to be dealt with in its own special way. Today's synthetics are not pleasant to work with, but Eliezer has overcome this difficulty, too. He says: not the material is master over me, but I over it, pointing to invisible patches he has made. They are not easily discernible. Occasionally they can be detected on the reverse side or by feeling the surface of the material; also by looking very, very closely. It's a great satisfaction when the customers are pleased, he beams. His only regret is that he cannot pass his skill on to any of his children. They simply are not interested, he shakes his head sadly.

# University women celebrate

By a Special Correspondent

THE Israel Association of University Women which was founded in 1932 as the Palestine Association of University Women, celebrated its 40th Anniversary last week at a reception given at Beit Hanassi by President and Mrs. Zalman Shazar. Mrs. Shazar was made an honorary member of the Association during the celebration. The gathering, in which 200 members from all over Israel took part, was presided over by the Chairman, Mrs. Miriam Bihkoi. Mrs. Shazar presented Eliezer Prizes granted by the Association to four new immigrants for outstanding results in their Hebrew studies. Rosy Benjamin from India, Lilit Zdanako and Luba Margolis from the Soviet Union and Hanna Shor from Rumania, were this year's winners.

Dr. Hanna Gelber reported on the 32 immigrants from 13 countries and 15 absorption centres who have received the Prize in the 10 years since this award was established. In congratulating the recipients, President Shazar wished them every success, while Mrs. Shazar recalled her own 60 years of activity. In reply the 4 recipients of this year's award described, in their newly acquired Hebrew, the emotions they felt making their first steps in the Homeland. Dr. Ann Hyman, one of the founding members, gave an account of the beginnings of the Association. Following the reception there was a tour of the new Jerusalem Theatre during which Mrs. Shoshana Halevi gave a talk on "Theatre in Jerusalem 100 years ago."

# AND MUSICIANS • BY YOHANAN BOEHM • MUSIC AND MUSICIANS BY YOHANAN BOEHM • MUS

# Listening to music with but one ear

How can a man keep his sanity in this world?

I CAN sympathize with Bobby Fischer! How often have we been disturbed by crawling photographers and clicking flash-lights! No end to it! In Jerusalem, at least, on occasions when concerts were televised, and the cameras moved up and down the aisles and on the platform, could we concentrate and listen to the music? If somebody gets up in the middle of the concert and walks out, do not all eyes follow him (actually, it's usually her)? Or if some late-comer — the blight of Jerusalem's Einyenel Ha'oma — walks around at leisure and searches for his place, usually in the centre of the back balcony, behind the orchestra, do not close to 3,000 pairs of eyes register every movement of the wanderer in search of his seat and forget about the music? How can somebody play a highly absorbing game like chess — and for the world championship at that — with whirring cameras and hot lights on the go and using him only as an object, destroying the privacy and isolation essential for chess?

### Right atmosphere

To return to music! So many offences are committed nowadays in connection with listening to music in public company, that I am afraid of being called a stuffy old conservative if I raise my voice yet again in favour of a proper atmosphere in the concert hall or any other place where serious music is dispensed. Obviously, when listening at home to records, one walks around, has a drink or exchanges a few words, and the enjoyment is none the less rewarding for that; but in a public place, noises and distractions have a tendency to accumulate and get out of control. With all the sneezing, coughing and fidgeting (during slow movements), whispering ob-

servations to a neighbour, turning the pages of the programme booklet to look over the advertisements, seats creaking... there is no end to it! In Jerusalem, at least, on occasions when concerts were televised, and the cameras moved up and down the aisles and on the platform, could we concentrate and listen to the music? If somebody gets up in the middle of the concert and walks out, do not all eyes follow him (actually, it's usually her)? Or if some late-comer — the blight of Jerusalem's Einyenel Ha'oma — walks around at leisure and searches for his place, usually in the centre of the back balcony, behind the orchestra, do not close to 3,000 pairs of eyes register every movement of the wanderer in search of his seat and forget about the music? How can somebody play a highly absorbing game like chess — and for the world championship at that — with whirring cameras and hot lights on the go and using him only as an object, destroying the privacy and isolation essential for chess?

Every bus, every taxi, every cafe, many shops, have music piped all over the place. There's only one restaurant I know in Jerusalem which keeps the background music really to the background, but then it's so soft that one hardly hears it — so why have it at all?

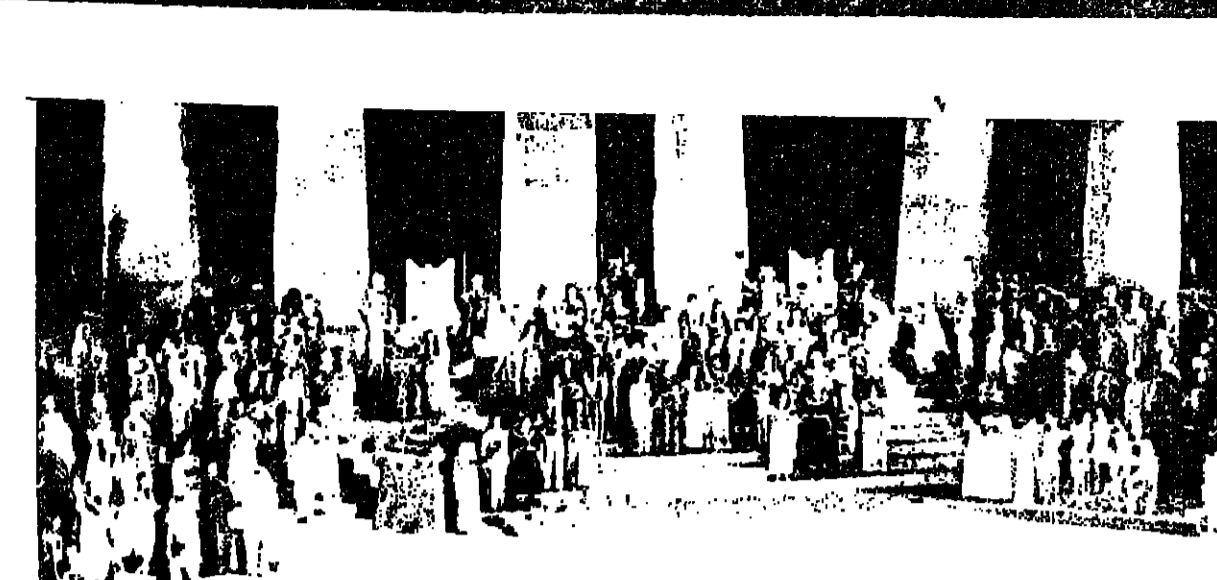
Read Leonard Bernstein's "The Muzak Muse" (in his book "The

Infinite Variety of Music" New American Library, 1970): "I didn't say we listen too much; I said we hear too much." And he elaborates: "That's what we've got too much of: the eternal radio and TV set, this cursed Muzak, playing us from coast to coast, in jets and trains and depots and restaurants and elevators and barbershops. We get music from all sides, music we can't listen to, only hear. It becomes a national addiction; and music therefore becomes too undifferentiated. We reach a saturation point; our concentration is diminished, our ears are too tired for real listening."

### Looking back

And there is an interesting article in the October 1971 issue of "Stereo Review" by Paul Kresh, which starts off by quoting from Edward Bellamy's Utopian novel "Looking Backward," written nearly a century ago: "If we could have designed an arrangement for providing everybody with music in their homes, perfect in quality, unlimited in quantity, suited to every mood, and beginning and ceasing at will, we should have considered the limit of human felicity already attained." Much he knew about this blessing! The operative phrase is, of course, "beginning and ceasing at will"...

We recently had a congress on ecology here, but the question of preserving our hearing and our receptivity to music did not come up at all, as far as I know. Yehudi Menuhin once raised his voice at a Unesco conference to assert "the rights of man to the freedom of his ears" (This column 28.11.1969), but nothing came of it. So, apparently, we are condemned to suffer, not in silence, but in noise...



From the I.P.O. production of "Samson and Delilah" at Caesarea.

(Isaac Freidlin)

THE London Promenade Concerts, running from July 21 to September 18, proclaimed as "The World's Biggest in Music," Forty-four conductors, 19 orchestras, 194 singers and instrumentalists will appear this year at the Royal Albert Hall, at the 7,000-seat Roundhouse in Camden Town and at Westminster Cathedral. Fifty-seven concerts are scheduled, and the worldwide radio and television audience is estimated at 100 million. Apparently, the piece de resistance will be Verdi's overture to "La forza del destino" was witness to Ronlikis' responsible work, as precision and balance were both well worked out. The sound was an- aemic and did not do justice to the youngsters' playing (I subsequently checked with the sound-track accompanying the 'ice-skating, in the same programme which was clear and full), but the cameras cut from group to group in conformity with the prominence of its musical contribution and always did the right thing at the right time. We need more programmes like this.

ON the very interesting programme "Etem v'Alma," run by Dan Kanner on Israeli TV, the Philharmonic Youth Symphony, under its supervisor Shalom Ronlikis, could be heard and seen



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**PREPARATION:**  
Boil the fish in a little water, salt and lemon juice. Strain, remove the bones and flake the fish. Mix the mayonnaise, lemon juice, ketchup and horse radish. Mix in a cup or bowl a layer of olives and fish, pour mayonnaise on it and garnish with parsley and lemon slices. Serve cold.

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# RADIO FOR MUSIC LOVERS

We apologise for publishing a wrong week's programme in our last week's column.

**TODAY:** 08.10: Hoffelore, Rous, de in Tere, Holborne, Jouglin, Draxel, 3 Monets, Joppy, Sacophone Quartet, Singing Soprano, Mozart, Diabelli, Bartok; Suite, op. 14, 4.30 p.m.; "Dile and Aeneas" (Barbirolli), 9.05 p.m.; Verdi's Symphony; Beethoven's Piano Concerto, op. 27 (Lapu); Vaughan Williams "English Folk Song Suite"; De p.m.; Sounds from the Remote Past.

**MONDAY:** 08.10: Dances by Hellride, Gould, Copland, Quarles; Litar, Le- cona, 09.05; "Jazz"; 10.05 (repeat) Nel Keller, 3.05 p.m.; Donizetti: High- lights from "Linda de Chasouli"; 4.30 p.m.; Pergolesi: "La Serva Padrona"; Schoenberg: Music for a Cinema Screen; Salvi-Sanna; Violin Concerto No. 3; Dert; Divertissement; 10.05 p.m.; Mozart; Piano Quartet in E-flat; Beetho- ven Piano Quartet in C.

**TUESDAY:** 08.10: Music in a Light vein; 09.05; Rameau; Ballet Suite; Mozart; "Les Petits Enfants"; Verdi; Ballet Music

**WEDNESDAY:** 08.10: Mathias-Kuh- bert; Quartet; Mozart; "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"; 09.05; Lalo; Sinfonia Espagnole (Soury); Catalina Folk- songs (de Los Angeles); Bartok; "Be- ro"; 4.30 p.m.; Taranian — the In- heritance, 10.05 p.m.; Mozart; "Ido- menea" (Glyndebourne) — complete.

**THURSDAY:** 08.10: Sicut-Sanna; Dasso Members; Moussorgsky; Night on a Bare Mountain; Liszt; Nephilo; Vain; Dasso; The Sorcerer's Apprentice, 10.05; IFO-Bach; Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 (Special Sibelius Violin Concerto (Si- chard-Commission)); 4.10 p.m.; Schu- bert; Sonata No. 3 (Zolnerman-Baran- boin); "Scherzo on the Rock" (Har- ber-Schle-Tamir); String Quartet in D minor (Julliard); 11.07 p.m.; Men- delsohn; Cello Sonata No. 1; Bartok; String Quartet No. 1.

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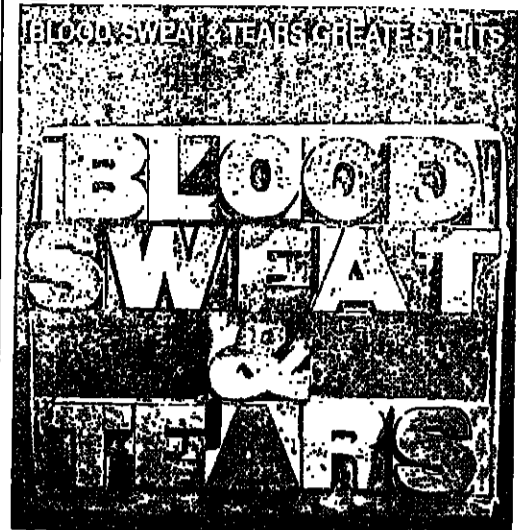
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**ILTAM**  
1972 ILTAM INTERNATIONAL SEMINARS  
**REMOTE DATA PROCESSING**  
under the direction of Prof. Leonard Kleinrock of the University of California at Los Angeles will be held in collaboration with the Hebrew University of Jerusalem from August 20-31, 1972 on the campus of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. (Accommodations will be reserved only for registrations previous to July 30.)

**DATA PROCESSING PROJECTS MANAGEMENT**  
under the direction of Mr. J. D. Miller of Westinghouse Tele-Computer Systems Corp. and Mr. J. W. Polk of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission will be held in collaboration with the Technion, Israel Institute of Technology, from October 1-5, 1972 on the campus of the Technion, Haifa.

**COMPUTERS IN MEDICINE**  
will be held in collaboration with the Israeli Ministry of Health, from December 10-13, 1972 at the Ein Bokek Hotel, Dead Sea area.

**DESIGN AUTOMATION of DIGITAL SYSTEMS**  
under the direction of Prof. Melvin Brauer from the University of Southern California will be held in collaboration with the Weizmann Institute of Science, from December 26, 1972 - January 5, 1973, on the campus of the Weizmann Institute in Rehovot.

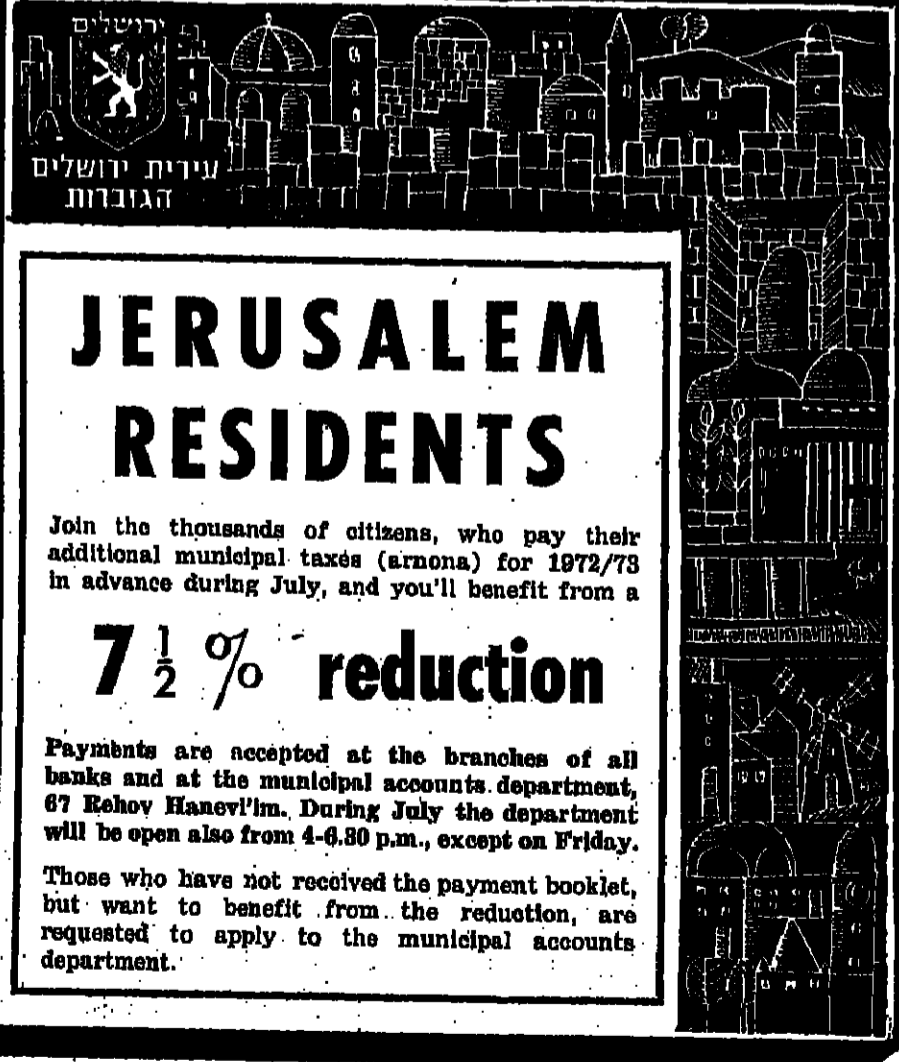
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**7 1/2 % reduction**

Payments are accepted at the branches of all banks and at the municipal accounts department, 67 Rehov Hanev'im. During July the department will be open also from 4-6.30 p.m., except on Friday.

Those who have not received the payment booklet, but want to benefit from the reduction, are requested to apply to the municipal accounts department.



**GALLERY GUIDE**

**JERUSALEM**  
**ISRAEL MUSEUM** - Houri Efrat - Sculptures (Sports Hall). Ami Shavit: From the Object to the Print (Library Hall) Avigdor Stomatky: Paintings 1959-1972 (Grana & Goldman Hall) Sculptures as Draughtsmen and Printmakers (Goldman-Schwartz Hall) Jules Pascin: Watercolours and Drawings from the Museum's Collection (Cohen Hall, till July 23) Creative Works by (Militzen and Games (Youth Wing).

**SAMUEL AND MALKA VAGINSKY** - Paintings and sculptures (Engel Gallery) till August 1.

**EVEN JAFFA CAN BE BEAUTIFUL** - Delightful and accurate scale model, a Bezalel Academy project. Jaffa Ed. Jerusalem with all the billboards and shop-signs designed and placed so as to give the exotic old architecture a chance to display its charms. It is illustrated with photographs of the street as it appears today, all the shop fronts being altered or quite covered with a network of signs. This show inaugurates the new Bezalel Academy Gallery at the Baka which will include a series of exhibitions. The gallery is managed by Ruth Debol, formerly of the Artists House. The festive opening by Mayor Kollek takes place tomorrow evening at 8.30 p.m. Hours during the week are 11-3, 4-8 p.m. Friday 11-1 p.m. Sat. 8-10 p.m. (M.T.)



Oil, by Samuel Vaginsky, at the Engel Gallery.

**TEL AVIV**  
**THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM** - New Buildings Retrospective exhibition by Dada co-founder, artist and Israeli art personality Marcel Brodsky. A modest introductory ensemble of Dada works by other co-founders and members. Fast Forward - 200 prints and drawings. Large collection of Israeli sculpture and painting. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion. Paintings and graphics by Swedish surrealist, Andre Krons.

**SARA SPIVAK, YERUJITH ZACH** - Both these artists paint in abstract, hard-edge style, and both include among their paintings compositions comprised of several canvases joined together to form non-rectangular formats. Spivak even goes so far as to make free-standing works fashioned of box-like frames over which she has lacca stretched and painted. These must be considered as sculptures and as such they lack vitality - with the exception of one in which a bright edge becomes a stripe that transfigures the whole structure. Her paintings have the feel of structured volume and space and the best have an unencumbered convincing power. Yehudit Zach uses stripes that are sometimes stationary and sometimes stream through it and change "shape" and formation at vertical dividing lines. Her work is often overly fragile and ineffective though some paintings possess a taut beauty and a complex formal idea or two. (Hemesh Gallery, 30 Gordon).

**PAUL PAON** - The artist, who was born in Bucharest in 1910, is a poet and draughtsman who was one of the founders of the Surrealist movement in Rumania. He settled in the country here in 1961. The drawings he exhibits here are what he calls "Analphabetic Calligrams." Using a pen, he constructs groups of exceedingly thin densely parallel lines, varying their three-dimensional effect in created, though certain resemblances to geographical forms, cloud formations or too the forms, too closely resemble reality that is too limited to be traced. Once you have scrutinized the drawing closely as their author intended. Once you have scrutinized the drawing closely as their author intended. Once you have scrutinized the drawing closely as their author intended.

**AVRAHAM BRAUNSTEIN, OITA COHEN, AVIVA OBSHALON** - First show by three new artists in the new gallery. (Hemesh Gallery, 14 Motza).

**JAKOB ZIM** - Minimal gestural drawings and muted watercolours describing scenes and figures in a soft, graphic Art Gallery, 24 Gordon.

**ATLIER REGUIE WESTON** - Rare collection of works by sensitive imaginative watercolourist who died five years ago. On more or less permanent exhibition in his former Tel Aviv studio. (Atelier Reggie Weston, 30 Haysarok).

**GROUP EXHIBITION** - A mixed selection of works in many styles by 17 Israeli artists. NAVEH MAGEN (Zur, 64 Haysarok).

**FRENCH PAINTERS** - Recent acquisitions from Paris. Works by Mano Rat, Yankel Adler, Kesting, Appel, Lanquoy and others. OLD JAFFA (Modern Art Gallery).

**HELMUTH NATHAN** - Watercolours, lithographs and sculptures by New York artist. (Beit Shalom Alshichim).

**OHAIM DIENER** - Copper reliefs and graphics. BEBELITA (Hemesh Museum).

**YODFAT COLLECTION** - New gallery exhibits works by 14 prominent Israeli artists. (Yodfat Gallery, 190 Dizengoff).

**AVRAHAM AZMON** - Subtle imaginative watercolours of figures and still-lives. PETAH TIKVA (Yad Lebanim Memorial Museum).

**KLATCHKIN SUMMER COLLECTION** - Paintings and sculptures mostly by Israeli and French artists that range through several 20th century schools including surrealism. Collection excludes abstractism and pop. (Khadashah K' Gallery, 33 Zur).

**HAIFA**  
**LEON A. PALAMBO** - A first-class photographer from every angle, technique, composition and character. His "The News", his chiefly enigmatic photographs and photo-essays. Like so many others, after having exhausted the possibilities of different scenes, condensed heights of individuality and their surroundings, light and shade, he has to locate subjects far as subject in nature, his most interesting pictures are of rain window vapour ("Cold"). He then turns to technical solutions, e.g. a pointillist effect ("Ice"), a realization in various degrees, an approximation of drawing ("Mr. Joseph") and under the influence of his education in graphics - and two or more separate exposures ("Shadows"). This is the best of his work, a choice among which depends on individual taste. (Beit Hachshid Gallery, until August 2).

**SUMMER EXHIBIT** - A pleasantly efficient exhibition of paintings by artists connected with the gallery. One sculpture is included (Hageten Gallery). Till end August.

**GIULA SHAMAI** - Oils and wash drawings of Jewish mainly women, apparently selected for an unusual appearance. The better male heads are to be found in the holder. (Beit Hachshid Gallery). Till July 22.

**NETANYA**  
**SHLOMO CHOTZEN** - Kitchens, oils, watercolours (Modern Art Gallery) till end July.

**ABYA** - New paintings (Pedagogical Center) till July 20.

**CAESAREA**  
**RAYA BAR-ARDON** - Sculpture. (Modern Art Gallery). Opening Saturday, 7 p.m.

**GILA GALLERY** - Reopened.

**HAZOREA**  
**ARIEL LUX (HAZOREA)** - Photographs entitled "The Land of Israel" (Wilfrid Israel House). Opening Saturday, 10 a.m.



A Raya Bar-Ardon work being shown at Caesarea.

**Indigenous and non-indigenous fruit**

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap" says the old proverb, to emphasize that man is rewarded, or has retribution for, his actions, good or bad, as the case may be. But it is not always so. Sometimes there is a windfall, a proverbial word which belongs to the world of flora when fruit falls unbidden and unworked for into his hand.

Of such a windfall the portion of this week speaks. Moses tells the children of Israel that, with the conquest of the land, they will enter into a possession for which they have not toiled, including "digged wells which thou diggest not, and vineyards and olive trees which thou plantest not" (6.11). Those two agricultural products, vineyards and olive trees, are the only flora mentioned in this verse, and they are the traditional minimum in Lev. 19.23 we read "and there is any basis for the possibility that, whereas the vine and the olive are indigenous to the Land of Israel, the other passages suggests an interesting difference. Both of them refer to stage.

vineyards, olives and "all kinds of other fruit trees" as characteristic of Israel and in fact in next week's portion we shall read of the seven agricultural products "which are the glory of the land of Israel" and which, insofar as it applies to fruit trees, adds figs, dates and pomegranates to the vine and the olive. But where Nehemiah says that the children of Israel found them all when they conquered the land, the Pentateuch seems to suggest that the only ones found were the vine and the olive, but that the other fruits were the results of their own planting after they would enter the land.

The suggestion cannot be factual; the Twelve Spies, in addition to their famous cluster of grapes, also brought back "pomegranates and figs" but it is interesting to know if there is any basis for the possibility that, whereas the vine and the olive are indigenous to the Land of Israel, the other passages suggests an interesting difference. Both of them refer to stage.

**L. I. RABINOWITZ**

**UNDER CONSTRUCTION**

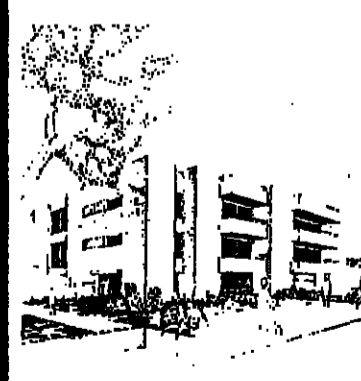
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FRIDAY: 3:00 Sesame Street, 3:30 Erev Shabbat, 4:30 The Electric Blue Book, 5:00 The Daily Show, 5:30 The Daily News, 6:00 The Daily News, 6:30 The Daily News, 7:00 The Daily News, 7:30 The Daily News, 8:00 The Daily News, 8:30 The Daily News, 9:00 The Daily News, 9:30 The Daily News, 10:00 The Daily News, 10:30 The Daily News, 11:00 The Daily News, 11:30 The Daily News, 12:00 The Daily News.

CHESS: Problem No. 3355. White to move. Solution: 1. BxN2, 2. Nf3, 3. Qd2, 4. Qd1, 5. Qd2, 6. Qd1, 7. Qd2, 8. Qd1, 9. Qd2, 10. Qd1, 11. Qd2, 12. Qd1, 13. Qd2, 14. Qd1, 15. Qd2, 16. Qd1, 17. Qd2, 18. Qd1, 19. Qd2, 20. Qd1, 21. Qd2, 22. Qd1, 23. Qd2, 24. Qd1, 25. Qd2, 26. Qd1, 27. Qd2, 28. Qd1, 29. Qd2, 30. Qd1, 31. Qd2, 32. Qd1, 33. Qd2, 34. Qd1, 35. Qd2.

TODAY: 6:58 a.m. Opening, 7:00 Religious Services, 7:15 Hebrew Songs, 7:30 Today's Program, 8:00 The Daily News, 8:30 The Daily News, 9:00 The Daily News, 9:30 The Daily News, 10:00 The Daily News, 10:30 The Daily News, 11:00 The Daily News, 11:30 The Daily News, 12:00 The Daily News.

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The finesse as a last resort

BY GEORGE LEVINREW. A ♠️ trumped in dummy, and two Aces for a total of 11 tricks. He only needed a successful finesse in hearts to make the slam. When would you play the ♠️ finesse? Or would you? Why not try to find a declarer who led the ♠️? It West won there was the finesse to win, as he did, he had to give declarer a free finesse into dummy and the contract.

FRIDAY (cont.): 12:30 The Daily News, 1:00 The Daily News, 1:30 The Daily News, 2:00 The Daily News, 2:30 The Daily News, 3:00 The Daily News, 3:30 The Daily News, 4:00 The Daily News, 4:30 The Daily News, 5:00 The Daily News, 5:30 The Daily News, 6:00 The Daily News, 6:30 The Daily News, 7:00 The Daily News, 7:30 The Daily News, 8:00 The Daily News, 8:30 The Daily News, 9:00 The Daily News, 9:30 The Daily News, 10:00 The Daily News, 10:30 The Daily News, 11:00 The Daily News, 11:30 The Daily News, 12:00 The Daily News.

BACK TO THE BOX



FOR two weeks I lived like a normal human being — I engaged in conversations with my fellows, went on visits and outings, dined in restaurants, and generally was free from the tyranny of the box. Alas! I must confess that it was with a certain feeling of pleasure that I found myself moored once more in an armchair, my eyes glued to the flicking shadows on the screen.

But, during my period of liberty, I swore to reform my ways, to please my critics, and to watch "Klam," "Hamavdil," "Moked" and other such programmes with devoted concentration, ignoring the lures of Jordan's Channel Six, its detectives and cowboys would compete in vain for my attention, which would henceforth be bestowed wholly on whatever Israel Television deigned to dish out to me: what is more, I would try to see just good in Orthodox politicians. These resolutions were fortified by Jordan mourning for King Hussein's father with the king-drawn-out enthusiasm that certain other Semites displayed after the passing of a Speaker.

Uri Avnery, to whom increasing years are giving a new dignity, so that his silver beard and imposing mien make him look rather like King Lear reproaching his ungrateful daughters, was hard put to it to get a word in edgewise. When he did speak, it was with sense and force. He was not the least bit abashed about being so small a party, since he represented new ideas, and new ideas always began in a small way. But naturally he did not relish the prospect of a Labour Party with an overwhelming majority. Nor did he see how the constituency system would work; he postulated the possibility of North Tel Aviv getting as a candidate for Gahal a person whom he greatly admired; nevertheless, he postulated, if he were determined to have Moshe Dayan for Premier, he would vote Labour.

Nobody dealt with the key problem of who will select the candidates for the constituencies. Will they be chosen by the local Party branches? Or will they be allocated by Party headquarters? The latter system would still give the say to the faithful old stalwarts, who have rendered such wonderful service to the Party for many, many decades, and whom so many of us would like to see folding their tents and silently stealing away from the Party as it grows.

On several occasions, Landau felt obliged to rebuke Yaacobi for interrupting him. Was this, he demanded, democracy, not letting the other man have his say? Yet I noticed that he himself did not hesitate to trample remorselessly over any other speaker who, in his opinion, had had his say. This provoked the comment from Yaacobi that Landau was answering for him, which seemed fair enough, since every word Landau said convinced us that the system of proportional representation was hopeless, while Yaacobi left us with considerable doubts on the proposition.

WASTE OF PEAK TIME

"DAGESH" ("Accent") — Galoi Zahal, Friday, 7.05, could and should have been an exception to the boring one-man shows usually involving a cycle of Messrs. Tommy Lapid, Shaike Ben-Porat and Nathan Donovitz, each contributing his bit to the war effort. "Dagesh" is a Donovitz column. The "Ha'aretz" columnist took on a good track; hospitals, touching on some of the shocking conditions prevailing therein. Dr. Moshechal Raviv, of the Sheba (Tel Hashomer) Medical Centre, also had interesting comments to make on the subject of patients needlessly hospitalized as high as 20-30 per cent. That was all the rest of the programme was so much water over the dam. Reyzkjavik and one man there providing some background to the "Pianer Grotesque." Spassky, a friend who, it seems, is all too well known, and helping out with soul songs; Tom Mix and his white horse. What a waste of peak listening time, considering that this was after all 7.05 hours to a Friday evening, with the time committed to a full-length film in Arabic and even the Second Programme shut down for us, whenever you prefer.

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"THIS is Your Life" was very good indeed this week, with a lively subject and a merry medley of history and entertainment. Shlomo Bar-Shavit played himself as a venerable old codger being interviewed about his hissing and skidding. It is rather a pity that Amos Ettinger did not give him a free hand, but kept interrupting him to tell him sternly "this is your life, not what you think it is." I suppose the director dare not let his heroes wander interminably down memory lane in these contributions, but in this particular case I think most viewers would have preferred to see Shlomo going wherever his fancy took him.

The supporting cast was excellent, seeking gaiety today rather than jollity in the dear old never-never. I was pleased to see Naomi Rotem, of Ashkelon as well as Mishmar Haemek, looking as delectable as ever, admirable proof that Shlomo had a discerning eye even in his 'teens. The lusty singing of the assembly gave the evening the kind of élan that it normally lacks.

AN earlier ago would have deplored Dan Kanner's hair style for the Monday evening Youth Programme, and would have called him a sissy, but in our day it looks almost square. He runs the programme with charm and urbanity; unlike many Israeli interviewers, he tries to get the best out of his subjects. This week he had as his heroines Hannah Meron and Anat Shapiro, who was a film star when she was a tiny infant.

From both of them we got the discouraging advice that being a child star is all right for an occasional outing, but is a diabolical way of life as a profession for the young, so there and then many of us viewers gave up some cherished ambitions. (For some reason the Youth Programme comes on at 7.30 p.m., and not at 8.00 when the young are generally catered for.)

T.F.C. The Fashionable House for Decorative Wallpapers. Image showing various wallpaper designs.

RADIO REVIEW by ZE'EV SCHUL. The "Ha'aretz" columnist took on a good track; hospitals, touching on some of the shocking conditions prevailing therein.

BRIDGE By George Levinrew. A ♠️ trumped in dummy, and two Aces for a total of 11 tricks.

Instead, we were reluctant audiences to long-winded monologues dealing with policies and motivations. This was truly one of the great "might have been's."

The Russians are currently paying Israel Radio the supreme compliment of jamming all its broadcasts beamed to the Soviet Union. An interesting aspect is the intensity with which this is being carried out, unmatched except perhaps for the jamming contest still going on between Russia and China.

Israel's broadcasters (in Russian, Yiddish and Georgian) have been blacked out for the past three weeks. Powerful transmitting stations are believed assigned to the task. The result is of course little short of tragic for the Jewish communities behind the iron wall who find themselves deprived of their only reliable news link with this country. Of course one could always outlast the daily morning "Peace and Progress" half-hour contribution which is beamed at us in Hebrew. But this broadcast doesn't seem to be bothering anyone. Very few people listen to it, and it doesn't seem to warrant the expense of jamming anyway.

As a last resort one could of course always try to raise some money abroad. Israel is after all not in a state of war with the Soviet Union. Jamming of official radio stations must surely be in contravention of at least half a dozen international agreements, paragraphs and clauses.



